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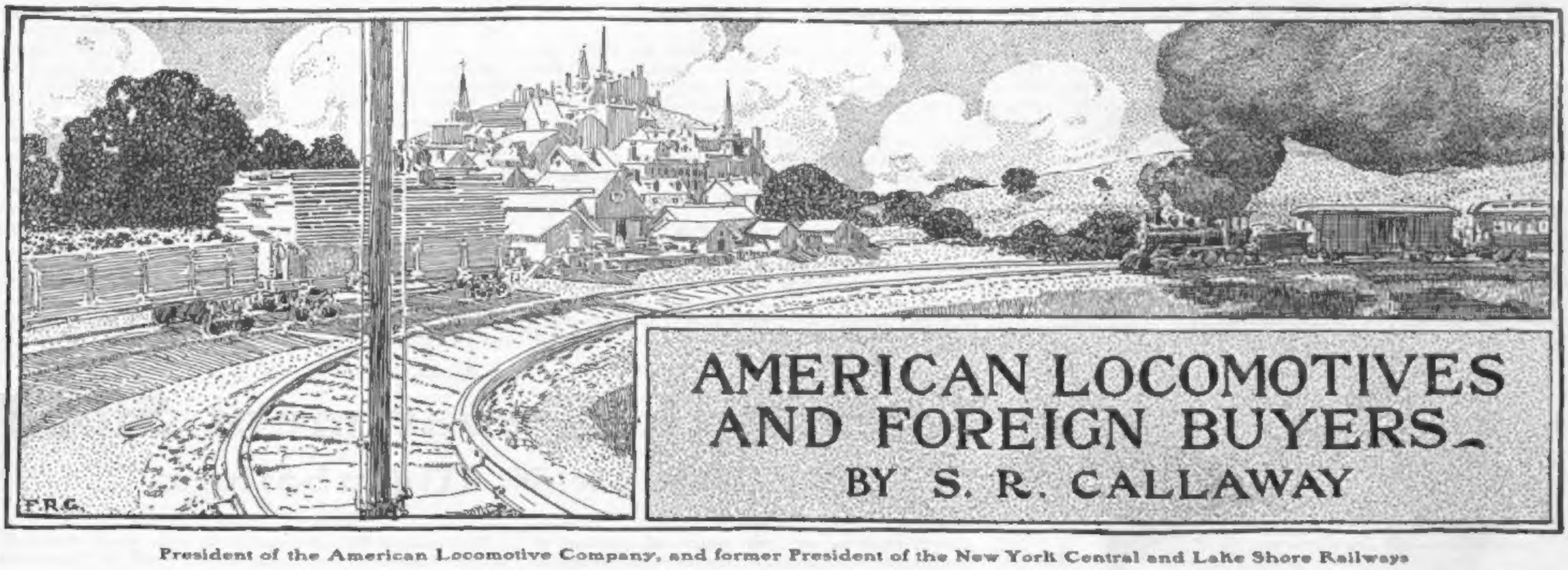

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES AND FOREIGN BUYERS

BY S. R. CALLAWAY

President of the American Locomotive Company, and former President of the New York Central and Lake Shore Railways

THE value of the recent criticism in England of American-built locomotives is still to be demonstrated. So far, American builders have had an ever-increasing demand from abroad. This demand has within the last two years been limited by the willingness of the American shops to meet it. No general effort has been made within that period to secure foreign orders because the American manufacturers have been unable to keep up with the domestic demand. Foreign orders that have been filled have been practically unsolicited. They are based undoubtedly on the satisfaction that our machines gave in actual use in the past. This, it seems to me, is the best answer to any criticism.

Locomotive building is sharing with all the other industries of the country in the great business boom. Last year there were turned out of the American shops 3153 engines, the largest number ever built in the history of the country. The production showed an increase of 680 locomotives, or 27.5 per cent., over the production of 1899, when the building record was also broken. In that year 2473 locomotives were turned out. In 1898 the American shops produced 1875; in 1897, 1251; in 1896, 1175.

Some Significant Export Figures

The export figures, taken in connection with this American production, are most significant. Last year there were sent abroad 505 machines. In 1899 we sent 514 abroad; in 1898, 554; in 1897, 386; and in 1896, 309. It will be seen from these figures that up to the time when the great boom in American commerce and manufactures set in there was a steady growth in locomotives built for export. This was due to the fact that the American shops had not nearly so much work from the domestic roads as they could handle, and naturally they were eager to secure business abroad. All the locomotives delivered in 1898 were, of course, ordered in 1897, when the American railroads had not yet begun to feel the full force of the business revival and the consequent need of an increased equipment in rolling stock. The result of these conditions was that of our entire production in 1896, 26 per cent. was exported. In 1897, 31 per cent. was exported. In 1898, 30 per cent. went abroad; in 1899, 21 per cent. Last year the export dropped to 16 per cent. of the production. These figures show with reasonable clearness that the American manufacturer, within the last three years, has had very little inducement to go abroad for business. It pushed all his facilities to meet the domestic demand, and I believe it will be found that only enough work was taken on from foreign countries to hold customers and meet duplicate orders. During the present year practically the same state of affairs prevails among manufacturers as existed in 1900. The American railroads are all very prosperous. Their traffic is growing at a substantial rate and orders are flowing in for new locomotives to handle this increase. Therefore, the American demand will certainly be as great as it was in 1900, and probably greater, and the number of locomotives built for export will probably not be any greater in proportion than it was during the year ending last December, and for the same reasons.

Why Orders Come to America

With a let-up in the local demand, and the betterment in shop equipment that has come, in locomotive building, with the increased call for machines, we may expect by the end of this year to reach a condition where we will go seriously into the business of supplying American-built machines for foreign roads. When we do, it is reasonably safe to suppose that we shall get a considerable part of the foreign business, for we have in our favor two factors that are denied the foreign builder: one is economy, and the other is rapidity of construction. We can turn out a locomotive here in less than half the time that is required in the best-equipped shops of Europe, and, pound for pound of metal, at a very much lower cost. It is because of these two facts that we have been able to take business away in competition with England, France, Germany, Belgium, and other European manufacturers.

American-made locomotives are run to-day in England, Canada, France, Spain, Japan, Russia, India, Sweden, Finland, Mexico, Brazil, Costa Rica, Cuba, Ecuador, Peru, Guatemala, Egypt and Southern Africa, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and elsewhere. With the exception of the recent complaint from England, I do not believe that fault has been found anywhere with the locomotives furnished from here, and I doubt very much whether such English criticism as there has been will have any influence in keeping American-built machines out of the foreign markets. The Englishmen have hardly had a fair opportunity to test the opportunities of our output. Forty locomotives only have been sent over there and they have been in use only two years. And they were all built under English specifications. That is to say, though they are American-built locomotives, they are not in the broad sense American locomotives. This is a very pronounced distinction. It holds good with almost all of the locomotives now in use in foreign countries, with the possible exception of those in South and Central America and Mexico. There the American-type locomotive is in use, in contradistinction to the American-built locomotive that has been sent to most of the other countries.

It is unfortunate that, owing to the existing conditions in Europe, the American-type locomotive has not found a place there. The system of railroading in Great Britain, France, and the other countries across the water is entirely different from our system here. There trains are light and facilities for handling freight are, comparatively speaking, small.

They have no such vast yards as we have in this country, and no manager would dream of making up freight trains of the length and weight that are common with us. Therefore the main advantage of the American locomotive, its immense power and its capacity for hard and continuous work, cannot be applied. In consequence, there can be no real competition between our machines and those made abroad. If there were, the foreign locomotive would stand no chance whatever, as our engines show an economy for each ton moved that is unapproached by any other type.

The Greater Efficiency of American Methods

It is this fact that gives us, here, freight rates that are on an average 40 per cent. lower than those that prevail in Europe. It is the same in passenger rates. Both freight and passenger movements are effected in America at a figure that no European railroad has been able even to approximate, notwithstanding the much lower cost of labor abroad. It costs less in America to move a ton of freight from Chicago to New York, a distance of a thousand miles in round numbers, than it costs to move the same quantity three or four hundred miles in England or on the Continent. No other single item has done so much to give America her rising supremacy in the commerce of the world as this economical transportation.

In point of speed there is comparatively little difference between the American locomotive and some of the European-built locomotives, though even in this field the advantage has been with us. For a considerable period the fastest long-distance train in the world was the Empire State Express, running from Buffalo to New York, a distance of 440 miles, the running time being 8 hours and 15 minutes, with four full stops and twenty-one "slacks," made necessary by the fact that the train runs through crowded streets at many points and is checked by numerous level crossings and drawbridges. Recently the Southern Railway of France has put on a train from Paris to Bayonne, a distance of 486¼ miles, with six stops, but practically none of the difficulties in point of "slacks" made necessary by the conditions in New York. This train has an average speed of 54.13 miles an hour as against 53.33 for the American train. But the French train weighs only about one-half what the American train weighs; and in the near future, with certain improvements that are now contemplated, it is altogether likely that even with the handicap of a double weight the American train may regain its supremacy on long-distance running.

On short-distance running the record has for years been held in this country, where the Reading road makes the trip between Philadelphia and Atlantic City on continuous running at the rate of 66.6 miles per hour. The Midi of France, which makes the best showing in Europe on a short-distance run, has only been able to accomplish the run between Morceaux and Bordeaux, a distance of 67¼ miles, at an average speed of 61.6. Here again the weight is all in favor of the foreigner. The heaviest train made up in Europe for fast running would hardly be felt by our fast locomotives.

Wonderful Feats of New-Built Types

There have just been completed by the Schenectady Works twenty-two locomotives for the New York Central which, both in point of speed and power, are so far in advance of anything known in Europe that the foreigner can hardly be said to be in the same class. This is a new type of engine and, in a measure, it is a revolution even with us. One of these engines recently carried 13 heavy passenger coaches, weighing approximately 1,600,000 pounds, at a speed of 63 miles an hour. This locomotive developed 1452 H. P. during a considerable part of the run. Another one of the engines carried a passenger train of fifteen cars, including four heavy sleepers, and weighing approximately 1,800,000 pounds, at the rate of 60 miles an hour. On another run, with a train of ten heavy passenger cars, these engines made 111 miles in 109 minutes, running from St. Thomas to Windsor.

Such trains are, of course, unknown in Europe, and, therefore, the fast runs that they make over there are hardly to be compared with ours. Their high-speed express trains are generally made up of four coaches which, together, would not weigh as much as two of our coaches. Their runs are straight for the most part, and their road-beds, being generally much older than ours and having had from the start ceaseless care, add materially to the advantage under which they operate.

The figures I have given show the great advantage of the American over the foreign locomotive where speed and power are combined requisites. For power alone the difference is even more pronounced in our favor. Actual experience with the new-type Schenectady locomotives has shown that one of these machines can pull about as many loaded freight cars as can be held together. Apparently, the only limit is the capacity of the couplings to stand the strain. Recently there was moved on the New York Central, by one of these engines, a train of 94 loaded freight cars at an average speed of from 15 to 35 miles an hour. This train was over two-thirds of a mile in length and weighed, exclusive of the engine and tender, between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 pounds. It was the equivalent of eight or ten European trains in point of weight, and it was probably three or four times as long as the longest train ever hooked together abroad. There was not the slightest trouble in handling this load.

The Economy of the American Machine

And with all their advantage, both in point of power and speed, the American locomotives are more economical in operation than the best type of the foreign-built machines. Their first cost is less, and they cost less for repairs, fuel and oil. With very much higher-priced men in the cab, they cost very much less for labor in proportion to the amount of work they perform. Their life is probably not so long as that of the foreign-built machine, but this is due to the fact

that they are not coddled. It is the policy, and experience has shown it to be a profitable policy, of the American railroad manager to work his locomotives constantly. In Europe it is the general practice to work a locomotive with the same engineer year in and year out. If the engineer is sick, the locomotive is laid up until he gets better. If the locomotive is sick, the engineer is laid up until the locomotive gets better. The practice of letting two or three or four men run the same engine, as with us, is almost unknown there.

The hours of rest for a locomotive used abroad are more numerous than the hours of work, and there are long periods of absolute inactivity for repairs and general overhauling. The result is that the average locomotive abroad, though it is in service a longer number of years, has not to its credit anything like the number of miles when it is finally worn out that the American locomotive has.

There are a few exceptions to this rule, as, for example, the Charles Dickens, an English locomotive that holds the mileage record of the world. But these exceptions are inconspicuous and not numerous. The American railroad manager expects a locomotive to last about twenty years, and during that period he expects to keep it going constantly on the heaviest sort of traffic that it will bear. At the end of the twenty years he feels that the conditions on his road will have been so changed and improved that the engine will be antiquated. The machine then goes either on the scrap heap to be sold for old iron or, in some cases, into private use, or to an unimportant branch. For main-road service twenty years is the limit, but during that period the machine is made to earn its salt very thoroughly.

A Newly-Applied Principle

Owing to the difference in railroad methods, the American-type locomotive as a whole will probably never control the foreign field, but the American-built machine is bound to grow more and more numerous on the railroads of Europe and elsewhere. And, more than this, there will be, undoubtedly, a constant increase of American features, so that as the years pass we shall influence the foreign type more and more. Both here and abroad the engineers are constantly advancing the standard of work. No sooner have we perfected one development which seems to us pretty near the ultimate, when something else comes along that gives us a higher type in point both of speed and power.

The latest feature in this line, the thing that has made possible the enormously high speed of the heavy trains I have already spoken of, was the application of a comparatively simple principle, namely, the enlargement of the grate area.

Heretofore engines burning bituminous coal have had their fire boxes hung between the wheels. This necessarily restricted the burning area. In the new type the fire box extends out over the wheels. The change can best be appreciated by a comparison between the engine known as No. 999, which became famous as the first to haul the Empire State Express and which stood for years as the perfection of its type, and the new type of engine recently put in commission. No. 999 has a grate area of 27 feet. The new engines have an area of 50.3 feet. The heating surface in No. 999 is 1900 feet; in the new engine, 3500 feet. This permits of a much more economical distribution of coal, the depth of the fire being very much less in the new engine, though the heating results are very much greater. Exact figures have not been compiled, but, roughly speaking, it has been shown that the new engine consumes probably a ton of coal less on the run over one division than did the old, and with this reduced consumption comes enormous increase of power. For the first time in the history of railroading firemen are now confronted, on a fast run, not with the problem of keeping up steam, but of keeping it down.

This new fire-box feature will no doubt form an important element in securing for American manufacturers foreign orders when the great domestic demand with which we are now struggling has been met, and we are able to go into the foreign field systematically.

Tales of the Department Store

By Harlow N. Higinbotham

FEW modern marvels surpass in interest the great department store. Certainly this is so for the man of commercial tastes and pursuits, and I cannot doubt that, in possibly a lesser degree, it is so for the great mass of the American people. Perhaps there are other developments of twentieth century progress better adapted to stand as types of the age; but it must be granted that the department store is distinctly a latter-day institution which is clearly representative of conspicuous elements and tendencies in the life of the present hour. It stands for centralization, for relentless commercial utility as opposed to craft sentiment, for economy of operation and conservation of energy, for comprehensiveness and completeness, for quickness, accuracy and system. All these are certainly twentieth century traits, and all of them find high development and picturesque expression in the great metropolitan department store.

Though my own commercial experience has been along other and more exclusive lines of trade, and I have never been identified with department store management, this latest phase of trade development has, of course, commanded my serious attention, as a wholesaler and a student of mercantile problems, and has challenged thoughtful investigation. No man in mercantile life can afford to pass over the department store and its problems because he may not chance to be identified with an institution of this kind. Sooner or later he will find that the growth and development of these monster retail establishments will directly and vitally affect his interests, whether he is a manufacturer, is in the wholesale business, is running an exclusive line of retail trade, or is a small shopkeeper. He cannot keep out of the zone of influence exerted by this retail giant. His only wise course, therefore, is to study the youthful Goliath.

Although the history of the modern metropolitan department store is not a long one, the phases of its development are not altogether clear in the minds of all who have special interest in the subject. There are differences of opinion among those who have some claim as authorities. In this absence of compelling and absolute proof I shall state my own observations and impressions without any assumption of dogmatic rights or privileges.

Some hold that the dry-goods store is to be regarded as the germ from which the department monster has developed and grown so great. My own impression is that the old-fashioned "general store" of the country crossroads must be regarded as the direct forebear of the big and comprehensive city mart where almost everything is retailed under one roof. The line of descent and the family resemblance seem too distinct to be mistaken. The keeper of the crossroads store was, generally speaking, the only merchant in his immediate community, and was compelled to meet the commercial needs of his neighbors in nearly all of the elemental lines, no matter how meagrely. The farmer's family came to him for sugar, for calico, for men's wear, for axes and hoes, for schoolbooks, tobacco—and in the old days for rum and other spirits. He was obliged to make his establishment a combination of grocery, dry goods, clothing, hardware, notion and liquor store because his community was not large enough to support a separate mercantile establishment for each of these branches of trade. His customers demanded that the basic articles in these lines be carried for their accommodation.

Then came the period of specialization which has reached its strongest development in the cities. A man who went into trade gave his whole energies to one of these subdivisions of retail traffic. But it did not stop there. The progressive city retailer next took one single stock and pushed that exclusively. The shirt store, the silk store, the light hardware store, and a score of other special-feature establishments made their appearance. Carried to its full development, this era of specialization brought about a condition which seemed to militate against the great army of middle-class shoppers and traders, those who must economize minutely their time as well as their money. Their trading must be done carefully, but with as small an outlay of time as possible. Unlike the woman of fashion with a private carriage to take her from one special store to another, and with leisure in which to make the selection of a single article the pleasure or excitement of an entire forenoon, the housewife from the workingman's home perhaps found it necessary to make her purchases for the entire week in a single afternoon. This was done with great difficulty when a family shopping trip involved the absolute necessity of going to a half dozen different stores a considerable distance from each other.

Then came the first movement in the direction of centralization of stocks—not because, as in the case of the little rural community, there were too few stores, but because there were too many scattered special stores. It is not to be understood, however, that this consideration of convenience was the sole influence which started the movement toward the metropolitan department store, although it seems to me probably the main one. Of almost equal importance was the consideration, on the part of the department merchant, of being able to buy and sell goods for lower prices than his specializing competitors, because of handling them in enormously larger quantities and buying them at first hand from the manufacturer. Not less potent a factor in the evolution of the department store has been the principle of buying and selling for spot cash. The relation which these elements have held to each other in upbuilding the department concern must remain problematical, but their combination has produced results the magnitude of which would have staggered the credulity of the wildest commercial enthusiast of a decade or two ago in his most untrammeled forecast of the possibilities of retail trade.

According to my best information, the first mercantile establishment coming clearly under the definition of a department store established in this country was one which was opened in Chicago in the fall of 1875. Its first home was an insignificant, one-story structure with a frontage of sixteen feet and a depth of eighty feet. Now this pioneer department enterprise occupies a building having fifteen and one-half acres of floor space. The correctness of the logic which led to the launching of this venture was demonstrated by an immediate success, which brought into existence similar institutions which have grown to almost incredible proportions.

Close Prices and Free Deliveries

An important step in the evolution of the department store was the introduction of "odd-cent" prices. This was instituted at the very outset of the movement, while the marvel of being able to buy dry goods, notions, groceries, hardware, furniture, house-furnishings, and almost every other staple article of retail traffic under one and the same roof, was still fresh in the public mind.

Before then "even-money" prices were as universal as in the more remote villages of the South to-day, where it is almost impossible to find a penny in the whole community. Of course this departure was at first looked upon as picayunish and hair-splitting to the last degree. Some time was required to habituate customers to this odd-price trade, for the more sensitive shoppers were more than half ashamed to receive a penny in change after making a four-cent or a nine-cent purchase. Soon, however, the public came to recognize that in many instances, at least, the odd-cent pieces returned in change were so many pennies saved from the price prevailing for the same articles in the stores still adhering to the dignity of even-money prices. This practice of close selling was a natural parallel to that of the close buying which was undeniably a strong factor of the department store plan of action.

While it is not clear that the system of delivering goods free of charge was introduced by the department store, there can be no doubt that its development to its present proportions was greatly hastened by this form of commercial enterprise. On the other hand, the fact that the patron could have the harvest of a day's shopping promptly and without charge put inside the door of his home was another strong factor in attracting trade away from merchants of the special-stock kind, and particularly from the smaller shopkeepers in the residence districts outside of the business centre of the city. Then, too, the department stores were quick to grasp the advantage of larger liberality in the exchange of goods, and this was turned to their advantage. It is not to be inferred, however, that they are to-day more liberal in that particular than their progressive competitors in non-departmental merchandising. So far as that is concerned honors are probably about evenly divided. The point at issue, however, is that the department store was pushing, aggressive and always

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles, by Mr. Higinbotham, on the subject of the Department Store. The second article will appear next week.

ready to make a radical departure if it promised to yield profits or attract attention. It was unhampered by the traditions of the craft and welcomed anything that carried with it the dash of enterprise.

No adequate estimate of the influence and ultimate development of the department store can be had without first gaining some idea of the scope and magnitude to which this form of retail enterprise has already been brought. After arriving at a partial understanding of the present stature of this Titan of modern merchandising, a closer estimate may be made of its probable ultimate growth and the tendencies which it is most likely to show in the future.

Big Figures from a Big Business

If the counters in Chicago's largest store of this kind were placed end to end they would make a causeway six miles long. Were the delivery wagons and teams of this institution drawn up in marching order they would completely surround an entire city square. A careful estimate of the number of persons entering this place during its banner day of trade is 225,000. This means, roughly speaking, that the crowd which passed under this roof on a single day's traffic more than equaled the entire population of Louisville, Minneapolis or Jersey City, none of which is credited with more than 207,000 inhabitants.

The average force of employees maintained by an institution of this size is about 3300, but this brigade is increased to 4000 to meet the demands of a prosperous holiday trade.

An ingenious and interesting method of placing the magnitude of this establishment within the grasp of the reader is to compare its trade with the total retail traffic of a provincial city or town. A comparison of this kind indicates that, according to the normal distribution of trade, the business transacted by the largest department store of the West would equal all the retail traffic done by a city of about 80,000 inhabitants.

Another way of bringing the bigness of the department store within the realization of the reader is by reference to the size of its purchases. One store in Chicago bought in one bill a stock of granite kitchen ware which filled seventeen cars that were made up into a special train. Another of these great institutions bought a train-load of shirt-waists on a single order. Books are handled in quantities which are almost beyond comprehension. One department store bought in one invoice 100,000 volumes of standard works of fiction—and sold them, too! It is not unusual for any of these great concerns to place a single import order for $50,000 worth of goods, and often this is far exceeded.

One Chicago department store in the past year made almost four million deliveries. The number of packages of merchandise thus handled would probably triple this figure, as comparatively few patrons purchase a single article at one time, while many a suburban delivery wagon leaves a score of parcels at a house at the same time.

To accomplish this task of distributing the merchandise sold and not taken from the store by the hand of the purchaser requires a steady force of about one hundred double wagons and forty single, and four hundred horses. This delivery contingent is materially increased during the days of holiday traffic, when a cavalcade of heavy "bulk wagons" and drays, owned by private teamsters, is employed. Each wagon has a driver and a delivery boy, and those traveling in the more thinly populated districts have an extra boy to facilitate the process of distribution.

Some Remarkable Bargains

In almost any line of staple goods the volume of a day's sales in a metropolitan department store is well calculated to test the credulity of the uninitiated. Think of retailing more than twenty tons of sugar in one "dept" in a single day. This record, however, has been made and the sales were mainly in "dollar lots." The physical task of handling and weighing up this quantity of sugar in comparatively small packages is tiresome to contemplate, and it would have been scarcely possible had it not been for the great automatic scales with which the sugar department is equipped. Suppose the rate at which this staple is retailed to be nineteen pounds for a dollar. The scales are adjusted at that weight. The clerk presses a button and a volume of sugar weighing exactly nineteen pounds is dropped into a paper bag below the spout leading from the hopper. When the grocery department of a big store like the leading ones of New York and Chicago institute a special sale of hams it is not unusual to dispose of 5000 of them in a day.

Many articles entirely unknown to the traffic of the larger stores of a provincial city are handled by these monster department establishments in surprising quantities. Take the sprightly article of live frogs as an example of this phase of trade in lines not thought of by the average person. Over the counter of a Chicago department store three thousand dozen of these creatures were sold in one day for "live bait."

Beyond all question, however, the strangest "bargain sale" ever held by a department store was that designed to justify the right of this form of enterprise to exist. Although the simple statement of this picturesque proceeding reads like an Oriental fable, the facts are thoroughly authenticated and beyond challenge.

Owing to the inroads made by the department stores upon the business of small shopkeepers and merchants, strong influence was brought to bear upon the legislators at Springfield, Illinois, to pass a law which should make it illegal for a merchant to sell butter and dress goods, for example, from the same store. Proprietors of department stores declined to oppose this legislation, resting in confidence on the assurance of their legal advisers that such a law would be absolutely unconstitutional. One of the strongest arguments advanced for the necessity of such legislation for the protection of the smaller and specialized merchants was the allegation that the department stores sold goods below cost and thus made a competition which could not be met except by institutions of enormous capital and large facilities. The result of this argument admirably illustrates what I have said regarding the dash and audacity typical of the methods of these mammoth retail establishments.

When debate on this measure was at its height in the legislature, and local feeling was strong, the city of Chicago was one morning astonished to read that on the following day one of the department stores would sell gold five-dollar pieces for $4.75 and silver dollars for ninety cents—one coin to each person who presented the even change at the specie bargain-counter window. The advertisement also stated that this special sale was given for the purpose of furnishing positive proof that at least one department store sold goods for less than cost. Long before the store doors were opened on the day of the specie sale a long line of waiting customers was formed in the street, winding well around the block and requiring special police protection and attention. This strange procession was unbroken from morning until the door closed at night, and it reached from the street to the top of a spiral staircase, where a young woman sat with great heaps and columns of bright new gold half-eagles and silver dollars arranged within reach. All day she stood at her post and handed out the glittering coins as fast as she could receive and count the money paid in through the little window. Even the formality of making a sales ticket for each purchase was dispensed with.

The public had no scruple about making the most of this novel opportunity to buy gold half-eagles and silver dollars at a discount. Men, women and children of all classes took their places in the eager line—and took them repeatedly when not identified and driven back as having been at the desk once before that day. Thrifty parents with large families were not content to bring all their own children who were tall enough, by hard stretching, to reach up to the cash window, but they borrowed their neighbors' children and divided the spoils.

Although the direct loss upon the coins thus sold amounted to more than $5000 the novel experiment was deemed a success. Much of the money thus brought into the store was left there for goods in other departments. Above all, however, the nerve, resource and dash of the modern department store were fully demonstrated, and the issue of selling below

cost was settled with a boldness which won the admiration of the entire public and brought an immense amount of free advertising. It is safe to say that, no matter to what curious extremes the bargain sale may be carried, it will never surpass in novelty or picturesqueness the famous discount sale of gold half-eagles and silver dollars. This episode certainly deserves a shining place in department store history!

A Department Store Menagerie

Occasionally, however, department managers find a limit to their enterprise. While there is, apparently, scarcely a limit to that which they are willing to attempt in order to attract the public, their plans sometimes come to grief. On one occasion the manager of the house-furnishing department in one of the stores came to the conclusion that his stock would be incomplete without a full line of domestic pets. He therefore bought a varied assortment of song birds, parrots, Guinea pigs, house dogs and monkeys. The simians were his special pride, as they attracted large crowds of delighted children and amused parents. The department zoo seemed an unqualified success until it began to attract as many rats as are said to have followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin. How to check this pest was a serious problem, but the manager of the department thought he was able to meet the difficulty. From his home he brought a pet bulldog which had a record as an intrepid ratter. The animal was tied to the leg of a bench and left to stand guard against the army of invading rodents at night. Full of confidence in his pet, the manager entered the store in the morning. The dog was there with the fire of triumph in his eye, but his tether was broken. Beside him were four dead monkeys, two parrots and several other birds. Although the manager's pride in his dog was not decreased, his faith in the practicability of a department store menagerie was gone.

There seems to be a strong concensus of opinion among the men at the head of these great retail enterprises that the department store has well-nigh reached the limits of expansion so far as the variety of merchandise is concerned, and that the main problem now is that of better service.

Author's Note—For valuable information I am under obligations to The Fair and Siegel, Cooper & Co., of Chicago, and to Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia.

The Committee of One—By Joseph C. Lincoln

The "coupon" cutter

MR. ERASTUS BAKER, having finished the reading of his report as chairman of the committee, folded up the document and put it in his pocket. But, before taking his seat, he added:

"Now, I just want to say one word on our own account. This committee's done its level best. We've seen Bestwick separately and we've been to see him in a body. He just won't sell, that's all about it, for less'n some outrageous price like ten thousand dollars. I don't know what this meeting thinks on the subject, but it's the opinion of the committee that we might as well give the whole thing up. Bestwick's got a grudge against Mr. Barry and all creation won't move him. That's all, Mr. Chairman."

Mr. Baker sat down, and the chair announced that the committee's report was formally before the meeting for acceptance or rejection. Arose Gaius Cahoon.

"Wall, Mr. Chairman," he drawled, shifting his tobacco from one cheek to the other, "I admit it seems like an almighty shame ter have ter give up this way, but, long's there don't seem ter be nothin' else ter do, I move that the committee's report be accepted."

"Anybody second that motion?" asked the chair.

"Hold on a minute, Ezry!" Obed Nickerson arose from a settee by the window, knocked the ashes from his pipe on the floor and walked leisurely down the aisle. "Let's take an observation and sorter git our bearin's, as yer might say. Here's this town, Orham. No industries ter speak of, fishin' playin' out, farmin' gittin' no better fast, nothin' much left ter us ter do but die of dry rot. 'Long comes Mr. Barry, rich, gin'rous, likes the place. Boards here three summers. Gives a thousand dollars ter the lib'ry; five hunderd toward fixin' the roads; two hunderd for a Fourth of July celebration. Brings his friends down; town begins ter git up a name as a summer resort. Fin'lly he gives out that he's goin' ter build a bang-up, quarter-'f-a-million summer house on the Cliff Road, pervidin' he can git the land fer a mile er more along the edge of the bluff. Gits the land, most of it; cal'lates he's got an option on all the rest. Goes ahead and puts up a palace, and tells us he intends ter make a sort of park out of the rest of that land. Then what? Why, when everybody else has sold the land and Mr. Barry's house is jest ready for openin' it turns out that Lorenzo Bestwick, who owns a leetle strip d'rectly opposite the new place and betwixt it and the ocean, settles back flat in the traces and won't sell. Not only that, but he goes ter work and puts a mis'rable slab shanty on his lot, right in Mr. Barry's face and eyes.

"And now the case stands this way. Bestwick won't sell fer nothin' reasonable and Mr. Barry's about sick of waitin'. He gives us warnin' that if the town can't git Lorenzo and his den off that lot he'll shut up his new place and go away. He can afford ter do it. And here's a committee of able-bodied men, knowin' all this, that come back and report they can't git old, red-headed 'Renzo Bestwick off that land. I'm disgusted! If I couldn't, all alone, git Bestwick ter sell that property, I'd eat my hat, and——"

"Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman! I wish to make a motion." Erastus Baker was on his feet.

"Obed's got the floor."

"Never mind," said Mr. Nickerson calmly; "let him make his motion."

"Mr. Chairman, I move that as Obed Nickerson is so terrible sure of his own smartness that he be appointed a committee of one to buy that property of 'Renzo Bestwick. Let him see how easy 'tis, himself."

A shout of hilarious approval greeted this proposition.

"It is moved and seconded that Obed Nickerson be appointed a committee of one ter buy the Ocean Road property now owned by Lorenzo Bestwick. The purchase ter be made on beha'f of Mr. Delancy Barry and the price not ter exceed twenty-five hundred dollars. All in favor please say Aye. Contrary minded? 'Pears ter be unanimous, Obed."

Mr. Nickerson looked around at his fellow-townsmen with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, Ratty," he said at length, "I guess I'll have ter admit yer've kinder got a leetle ahead of me that time. I ought ter have been more careful what I was sayin'."

"Ain't goin' ter crawl, be yer, Obed?" sarcastically inquired Cahoon.

"No, Ga's, I ain't. Crawlin' ain't in my line, much. Long as I said I could git that property I'll git it or know the reason why. Mr. Barry's give us till the fust of next month ter buy it in. It's the eighteenth now. Ezry, call a meetin' fer the thirtieth and I'll have my report ready."

"Bet yer ten dollars yer don't git the land."

"Wall, Ratty, I ain't much of a sport, but I reckon I'll have ter go yer."

Alone that night, with his feet on the railing of his piazza, Obed reflected on the task he had undertaken. That it was a task and a hard one, he knew, though he would not for worlds have admitted as much to any one else. Lorenzo Bestwick was a hard man to drive. A miser, reputed to be "well off," he had lived in a little house in South Orham previous to the building of his shanty on the Ocean Road.

Obed puffed and reflected. Problem: to make a man who does not want to do so, sell his own property. He smoked and thought until midnight, but had reached no solution. However, there were two persons who obviously must be interviewed—Mr. Barry and Lorenzo Bestwick.

He found the former next morning at the Mattascussett House, where he was staying during the building of the new dwelling. Mr. Barry had heard of the appointment of the "committee of one" and wished said committee the best of luck. He stated his own position clearly and emphatically. Had he supposed there would be the slightest difficulty in securing the land along the Ocean Road he would not, of course, have built. But Bestwick had given him to understand that he would, like the other owners, sell at a fair rate. He, Barry, was willing to pay a fair rate; had, in fact, offered more than twice what the land was worth; but he would *not* pay ten thousand dollars, for that was extortion, pure and simple, and he never had submitted to extortion and never would. He preferred closing his new residence indefinitely rather than be imposed upon, and under no circumstances would he occupy it while that disgraceful hovel stood directly opposite. That was—ahem—his position. The $2500 offer was open until June 1. No, Mr.—er—Nickerson, he was not conscious of having at any time offended the Bestwick person.

Having learned all that the illustrious Barry could tell him, Obed departed to seek the "Bestwick person."

He found the latter seated on his front fence. Behind him, across the road, was the new Barry estate, servants' lodge, coach-house, windmill, water-wheel, fountains and conservatories. Before him was a one-story shanty surrounded by weeds and with its broken windows patched with rags.

Bestwick's small eyes twinkled beneath his reddish gray brows as Obed came up.

"Hello, Mr. C'mittee!" he said. "Come ter buy my p'latial residence?"

"Yep, that's jest about what I've come fer, 'Renzo."

"Good! Come in and set down."

The interior of Mr. Bestwick's domicile was even less prepossessing than its outside. The owner seated himself at one side of a rickety table and motioned Obed to sit opposite. Then he took a clay pipe from his pocket and lit it.

"So yer've bet ten dollars with Rat Baker that yer can buy my property, hey?"

"Yep." Obed took his own pipe from his pocket, filled and lighted it and puffed serenely.

"Got $10,000 with yer?"

"Now see here, 'Renzo, let's talk sense. I'll pay you $2500, spot cash, fer your property. It's three times what the place is wuth and yer can't afford ter let it go by. Besides, think of the benefits the town'll git out of it."

"Town be durned! What's the town ever done fer me? Now you listen ter me, Obed Nickerson. I was willin' ter sell till I see Barry struttin' round town here carryin' his head like we was mud and he was the big Panjandrum with a button on top. He makes me sick with his phylanthropy and airs and all that. If he wants my land he'll pay my price. If he don't want ter pay it he can go ter Guinea. 'Tween you 'n' me I cal'late he'll pay it. Ten thousand is my final word; take it or leave it."

Obed arose, his hands in his pockets.

"'Renzo," he said, "you're actin' like a hog in this matter and you know it. I've been app'inted a committee ter git this land of you at a fair price and I'm goin' ter do it. You mark my words, I'm goin' ter do it."

This was said with an air of serene confidence that staggered the owner of the striped dwelling.

"See here, Obed," he inquired searchingly, "have yer found out somethin'? What d'yer think yer know?"

"Know? Know what? What are yer drivin' at?"

"Oh, nothin'. Good-by. Call again when you're ready ter pay my price."

Obed walked home reflecting deeply. "Now, what in the dickens did he think I might know?" he murmured.

Mrs. Nickerson, Obed's wife, was as intensely interested in the question of securing the Ocean Road pleasure ground as was her husband. She read a great deal, novels almost exclusively, and believed all that she read. Also, she was a devout believer in soothsayers and clairvoyants. Her first advice, on hearing of her husband's appointment, was that he should go up to Boston and consult a fortune teller whose advertisements she had carefully clipped from the paper.

"Jest read them testimonials, Obed!" she exclaimed, thrusting the clippings under his nose. "That's his picter, 'Signor Guiseppe Nicerleeni, the Hindoo-Eyetalian Seer.' Jest you read 'em and see what he's done fer others."

"All right. Hum, y-a-as, le's see. Wonderful critter, ain't he! 'Hidden treasure recovered.' Sho! Seems ter me if I could recover hidden treasure I'd do some recoverin' on my own hook. Sh'd think 'twould be fully as profitable as seerin' at twenty-five cents a seer."

When Mr. Nickerson returned home after his call on Bestwick he smoked and reflected until the small hours, and then went in and wrote to his lawyer in Ostable, commissioning him to search the title of the Bestwick land.

The reply came on the twenty-fourth. The record of search was inclosed in the long envelope and a letter from the lawyer accompanied it. Obed read the letter first.

"As requested by you," wrote Attorney Barker, "I examined the records as far back as 1827, when the land was bought of one Laban White by Ezekiel Bestwick, grandfather of your man Lorenzo. The property limits are very carelessly described, as you will see by looking at the inclosed record. The land was considered almost worthless. In fact, Ezekiel took it in settlement of a debt of fifteen dollars which White owed him. Upon Ezekiel's death it was inherited by the latter's son Edgar, and by him in turn willed to Lorenzo, who came into possession in October, 1875. He seems to have retained it until 1882, when I find it, in common with other real estate owned by him, transferred to Mehitable Bestwick, his wife. The other property was returned to Lorenzo Bestwick in 1884, but I find no record of this particular lot, so judge that said Mehitable Bestwick, if living, still owns the same; therefore——"

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Obed.

The following morning found him on the train bound for the town of Sunway, to see the "said Mehitable Bestwick."

Lorenzo Bestwick had not made existence a dream of bliss for the wife of his bosom. She had been a pretty girl when he married her, but years of hard work, on a meagre diet, flavored plentifully with nagging, fault-finding abuse, soon made her the homely drudge that her husband considered the ideal helpmate. She washed and mended and scrubbed and cooked on, until, so it was rumored, her

His wife . . . had privately written to the "Hindoo-Italian Seer" and had received a prophecy . . . in the form of verse

spouse's tongue lashings began to be supplemented by those of another description, and then she left the South Orham slave pen and went to live with her brother in Sunway.

Lorenzo did not attempt to get her back. She was not in the best of health and might soon have been unreasonable enough to be sick. No wife at all was better than a sick wife, so the forsaken one advertised that he would pay no bills of her contracting and settled down to enjoy his grass widowhood. Putting his real estate in her name had been purely a business transaction. At that time he was engaged in a rather risky fishing speculation and it was well to take precautions against failure. She had been, for her, surprisingly stubborn about deeding the property back to him, and as a bribe he had magnanimously allowed her to retain the Ocean Road land, which, as he mentally commented, "wan't wuth a tinker's darn, anyhow."

Sunway is a hall day's journey from Orham, and Obed reached there in the afternoon. He had no difficulty in finding the residence of Mrs. Bestwick's brother, but as for seeing the lady herself, that was a different matter. She was "a mighty sick woman," so he was informed, "and couldn't see any strangers at all." She had been confined to her bed for a year with "creepin' p'ralysis" and was not expected to live many weeks. Her brother could be found at his store "down in the Centre."

So down to the Centre went Obed and found Mr. Higgins—which was the brother's name—asleep behind his counter. Obed explained his errand. He had come to talk about the "shore property" in Orham owned by Mr. Higgins' sister, Mehitable Bestwick.

"What about it?" said Mr. Higgins, partially awake.

Obed told the story of Mr. Barry's public-spiritedness and the proposed park. He hinted that he was empowered to pay a good figure for the land.

"Gosh!" said Mr. Higgins, very much awake. "How much would you pay?"

The cautious Obed hinted at $2000, possibly a trifle more.

"*Two thousand dollars!* Two thous——! Oh! —— ——!" We regret to state that Mr. Higgins' language for the next five minutes is entirely unfit for family reading. In the first lull of the hurricane, Obed ventured to ask what was the matter.

"Matter?" howled the perspiring Mr. Higgins. "Matter? Why, that sulphur and brimstone shark of a 'Renzo Bestwick come here ter see me four days ago and said as the town folks was after him for taxes on that wuthless bunch of sand that Hittie owned in Orham mebbe 'twould be the best thing ter sell it him and git rid of any trouble. Said he could likely let it fer pastur' land or somethin' and that he'd give me a couple er hunderd dollars fer it if I wanted ter sell. Well, $200 fer it seemed ter me like findin' money, so I got Hittie ter make her mark on the deed and——"

"And yer sold him the land?" shrieked Obed.

"Shore I sold it ter him! Sold him $2000 wuth of prop'ty fer two miset'ble hunderd! Oh!——"

It was a disconsolate committee of one that wandered about the streets of Orham during the next two days. Why had he not thought of searching the title sooner? Why had he allowed Bestwick to believe that he knew something was wrong with the land and thus send the latter to Sunway ahead of him? Why had he boasted in town-meeting that he would eject the bothersome tenant or eat his hat? How the town would laugh at him when he reported a dismal failure. How Ratty Baker and Ga's Cahoon would torment him. How—O Lord!

His wife had endeavored to console him. She had privately written to the "Hindoo-Italian Seer" and had received a prophecy which, in her mind, settled the matter. The said prophecy was in the form of verse and read thus:

> "The wild winds howl the Watters roar
> And Beat tomultous on the Shore
> Be not dismade the Stars have said
> Success is His who goes Ahead."

But even in the face of this promise Obed remained disconsolate.

On the afternoon of the twenty-eighth he sauntered slowly down the Ocean Road. At the top of the hill he leaned over the fence at the side of the road and gazed moodily down at the park that was not to be. Below, at the foot of the bluff, the inner bay gleamed smooth and glassy to the outer beach, that shifting natural breakwater of fine white sand which stretches for twenty miles or more along the southern shore of Cape Cod.

Absent-mindedly Obed took the record of title search from his pocket and looked it over. As the lawyer had said, the land was very carelessly described.

> Pasture land on the shore side, at the point known as Indian's Nose. Dimensions of property east and west two hundred feet, extending from the edge of bluff to stake marking border of land owned by Moses Lamson. Dimensions of property north and south three hundred and eight feet or thereabouts, extending from stone wall owned by said Moses Lamson to the clump of pitch pines on the border of land owned by Abednego Wixon.

Obed idly wondered what had become of that grove of pitch pines. About a mile farther up the shore he saw what he knew were the ruins of Jed Barrow's fish-house. It had been a stout and substantinl fish-house in its day and sat well back in the field with an acre of ground between it and the edge of the bluff. But, one winter in the eighties, the sportive Atlantic had decided to play a practical joke on that part of the town. In two consecutive storms it tore away the breakwater it had spent years in building, ripped the outer beach in two like a cotton sheet, and sent its rollers in to feed upon the yielding sand of the bluff. Three stormy winters they gnawed there, and in that time they ate the acre of ground before Jed Barrow's fish-house and sent the latter tumbling down the bank.

Obed remembered many such forays. Back in the seventies there had been a big break just opposite the point where he stood. It remained open for three years and—and——

"*Jerusalem!*" said Obed. Twenty minutes thereafter he was knocking at the door of Solon Baxter, the map maker.

"Hello, C'mittee!" he hailed. "Come up ter the dough-dish at last, have yer?"

Mr. Bestwick was a little anxious. He had expected Mr. Barry or his representative to pay the ten thousand before this. Not that he intended to sell for less than that price; oh, no! But it looked as if he might have to wait a year or two until the magnate grew tired of seeing his new cottage unopened and repented of his stubbornness. So, as we have said, Mr. Bestwick was anxious, and when, after supper on the evening of the twenty-ninth, he espied the committee of one, he smiled a delighted welcome.

"Hello, C'mittee!" he hailed. "Come up ter the dough-dish at last, have yer? Well, I thought yer would."

"Hello, 'Renzo!" said Mr. Nickerson calmly. "Got a few minutes ter talk business in?"

"Yep; 'Will yer walk intew my parlor, sez the spider ter the fly?'"

Lorenzo led the way into the dingy room and they sat down at opposite sides of the table as they had done in the first interview. Obed began taking various folded papers from his pockets.

"Been makin' out yer will?" asked the facetious Lorenzo.

"No," replied the committee shortly.

Obed sorted his papers with deliberation and spread them out on the table before him.

"There!" he said, when this operation was completed. "Now we'll talk business. I s'pose, 'Renzo, that yer still stick ter ten thousand as a price fer this land?"

"You bet!"

"All right; we'll argue fer a spell. I'm goin' ter do a little preachin' and I want your 'kind attention,' as the feller that sings the songs in the dime museum always says. I'll illustrate my discourse by these papers and we'll call 'em by numbers. Number one. This here is Lawyer Barker's report of title s'arch on this piece of property. It shows that the land was bought by your respected granddad in 1827. Here," handing the puzzled Mr. Bestwick a sheet of paper; "that's the way said land is described. Yer'll notice the boundaries of it particular. So many feet back ter land owned by Moses Lamson; so many ter the clump of pitch pines borderin' land owned by Abednego Wixon, et cetera. Notice that, don't ye? Yes; well, that brings us ter paper number two.

"Number two's a map of this town drawed in 1845 by Octavius Baxter, Solon Baxter's father. It shows the coast clear and plain. Here's Injun's Nose where your granddad's land was. Here's the clump of pines. Here's the edge of the bluff and all the rest of it. And that brings us ter paper number three."

"See here, Obed Nickerson; what are you drivin' at?"

"Don't interrupt the sermon. Number three is a map of this town drawed by Solon Baxter in 1895. You'll take particular notice of it, if yer please. Here's Injun's Nose again. Looks kinder snubbed, don't yer think so? And where's that clump of pines? *I* don't see it; do you?"

"What in thunder——?"

"*As* I was sayin', don't interrupt the sermon. Now I'm goin' ter give yer some hist'ry. You come inter possession of this land in 1875. The winter of '76 we had some of the wust storms ever was along this coast. The beach broke through jest about off here and it stayed open fer three hard winters. That's why Injun's Nose looks so snubbed in the second map. That's why there ain't no clump of pines ter be seen. Where is the rest of the p'int and where are those pines? Why, ha'f a mile out in the middle of the bay, along with three hundred foot of Lamson's stone wall and every rod, sod and pebble of the land your granddad bought of Laban White. You don't own a foot of ground on the Ocean Road, Lorenzo Bestwick, and you haven't sence the last of it was washed away in 1879."

"It's a lie!"

"It's the everlastin' truth, and you know it. It's only sence the Ocean Road has been opened through here and sence the summer boarders began comin' ter town that land along the bluff has been wuth a red copper. Nobody took any account of it in '79, and that's why that when you moved your boundary stake back after the storms was over nobody noticed. But 'twas Lamson's land you grabbed, and 'twas Lamson's land you turned over ter your wife, and 'tis Lamson's land you bought back t'other day fer $200. Or, rather, 'tis Mr. Barry's land, fer he bought all Lamson's holdin's in a lump."

"'Tain't so!"

Mr. Bestwick's flabby face was red and he sprang to his feet, but Obed motioned for silence and went calmly on.

"And that brings us ter paper number four, which is an agreement givin' up all claim ter this land ter Mr. Barry, in return fer the gift—gift, understand. Fer the property's his, anyway—of $1250. The other $1250 I'm goin' ter send your wife 'cause she's sick and her folks need it more'n you do. That, as you said ter me once, is the last word; take it or leave it. Of course," and there was a twinkle in Mr. Nickerson's eye, "you can move this shanty on ter your own property if yer want ter, but as that's under thirty foot of water I'd advise yer ter put the buildin' on stilts."

That evening, as Mrs. Nickerson was washing dishes in the kitchen she could see in the dark of the back piazza her husband's pipe glow and fade and glow again.

"Obed," she called for at least the fifteenth time, "didn't I tell yer that Hindoo-Eyetalian Seer was a wonder? Didn't his prophecy come out jest right?"

"Exactly, mother; when I want any treasure recovered I'll hire him."

Silence again for a space and then from the piazza floated a low, mellifluous chuckle.

"What yer laffin' at, Obed?"

"Oh, nawthin'. I was jest wond'rin' what Ratty Baker'll say when the committee of one puts in its report termorrer."

CALUMET "K"—A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner—By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

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"I'd rather wear an ordinary length of stovepipe"

FOURTEENTH CHAPTER

THE effect of the victory was felt everywhere. Not only were Max and Pete and Hilda jubilant over it, but the under-foremen, the timekeepers, even the laborers attacked their work with a fresher energy. It was like the first whiff of salt air to an army marching to the sea. Since the day when the cribbing came down from Ledyard the work had gone forward with almost incredible rapidity; there had been no faltering during the weeks when Grady's threatened catastrophe was imminent, but now that the big shadow of the little delegate was dispelled it was easier to see that the huge warehouse was almost finished. There was still much to do, and the handful of days that remained seemed absurdly inadequate; but it needed only a glance at what Charlie Bannon's tireless, driving energy had already accomplished to make the rest look easy. "We're sure of it now. She'll be full to the roof before the year is out." As Max went over the job with his time-book next morning, he said it to every man he met, and they all believed him. Peterson, the same man and not the same man either, who had once vowed that there wouldn't be any night work on Calumet K, who had bent a pair of most unwilling shoulders to the work Bannon had put upon them, who had once spent long, sulky afternoons in the barren little room of his new boarding house—Peterson held himself down in bed exactly three hours the morning after that famous victory. Before eleven o'clock he was sledging down a tottering timber at the summit of the marine tower, a hundred and forty feet sheer above the wharf. Just before noon he came into the office and found Hilda there alone.

He had stopped just outside the door to put on his coat, but had not buttoned it; his shirt, wet as though he had been in the lake, clung to him and revealed the outline of every muscle in his great trunk. He flung his hat on the drafting-table, and his yellow hair seemed crisper and curlier than ever before.

"Well, it looks as though we was all right," he said.

Hilda nodded emphatically. "You think we'll get through in time, don't you, Mr. Peterson?"

"Think!" he exclaimed. "I don't have to stop to think. Here comes Max; just ask him."

Max slammed the door behind him, brought down the timekeeper's book on Hilda's desk with a slap that made her jump, and vaulted to a seat on the railing. "Well, I guess it's a case of hurrah for us, ain't it, Pete?"

"Your sister asked me if I thought we'd get done on time. I was just saying it's a sure thing."

"I don't know," said Max laughing. "I guess an earthquake could stop us. But why ain't you abed, Pete?"

"What do I want to be abed for? I ain't going to sleep any more this year—unless we get through a day or two ahead of time. I don't like to miss any of it. Charlie Bannon may have hustled before, but I guess this breaks his record. Where is he now, Max?"

"Down in the cellar putting in the running gear for the 'cross-the-house conveyors. He has his nerve with him. He's putting in three drives entirely different from the way they are in the plans. He told me just now that there wasn't a man in the Office who could design a drive that wouldn't tie itself up in square knots in the first ten minutes. I wonder what old MacBride'll say when he sees that he's changed the plans."

"If MacBride has good sense he'll pass anything that Charlie puts up," said Pete.

He was going to say more, but just then Bannon strode into the office and over to the drafting-table. He tossed Pete's hat to one side and began studying a detail of the machinery plans.

"Max"—he spoke without looking up—"I wish you'd find a water boy and send him up to the hotel to get a couple of sandwiches and a bottle of coffee."

"Well, that's a nice way to celebrate, I must say," Pete commented.

"Celebrate what?"

"Why, last night—throwing Grady down. You ought to take a day off on the strength of that."

"What's Grady got to do with it? He ain't in the specifications."

"No," said Pete slowly; "but where would we have been if he'd got the men off?"

"Where would we have been if the house had burned up?" Bannon retorted, turning away from the table. "That's got nothing to do with it. I haven't felt less like taking a day off since I came on the job. We may get through on time and we may not. If we get tangled up in the plans like this very often I don't know how we'll come out. But the surest way to get left is to begin now telling ourselves that this is easy and it's a cinch. That kind of talk makes me tired."

Pete flushed, started an explanatory sentence, and another, and then, very uncomfortable, went out.

Bannon did not look up; he went on studying the blue-print, measuring here and there with his three-sided ruler and jotting down incomprehensible operations in arithmetic on a scrap of paper. Max was figuring tables in his time-book, Hilda poring over the cash account. For half an hour no one spoke. Max crammed his cap down over his ears and went out, and there were ten minutes more of silence. Then Bannon began talking. He still busied his fingers with the blue-print, and Hilda, after discovering that he was talking to himself rather than to her, went on with her work. But nevertheless she heard, in a fragmentary way, what he was saying.

"Take a day off—schoolboy trick—enough to make a man tired. Might as well do it, though. We ain't going to get through. The Office ought to do a little work once in a while just to see what it's like. They think a man can do anything. I'd like to know why I ain't entitled to a night's sleep as well as MacBride. But he don't think so. After he'd worked me twenty-four hours a day up to Duluth, and I lost thirty-two pounds up there, he sends me down to a mess like this—with a lot of drawings that look as though they were made by a college boy. Where does he expect 'em to pile their car doors, I'd like to know!"

That was the vein of it, though the monologue ran on much longer. But at last he swung impatiently around and addressed Hilda. "I'm ready to throw up my hands. I think I'll go back to Minneapolis and tell MacBride I've had enough. He can come down here and finish the house himself."

"Do you think he would get it done in time?" Hilda's eyes were laughing at him, but she kept them on her work.

"Oh, yes," he said wearily. "He'd get the grain into her somehow. You couldn't stump MacBride with anything. That's why he makes it so warm for us."

"Do you think," she asked, very demurely indeed, "that if Mr. MacBride had been here he could have built it any faster than—than we have, so far?"

"I don't believe it," said Bannon unwarily. Her smile told him that he had been trapped. "I see," he added. "You mean that there ain't any reason why we can't do it."

He arose and tramped uneasily about the little shanty. "Oh, of course, we'll get it done—just because we have to. There ain't anything else we can do. But just the same, I'm sick of the business; I want to quit."

She said nothing, and after a moment he wheeled and, facing her, demanded abruptly: "What's the matter with me, anyway?" She looked at him frankly, a smile, almost mischievous, in her face. The hard, harassed look between his eyes and about his drawn mouth melted away, and he repeated the question: "What's the matter with me? You're the doctor. I'll take whatever medicine you say."

"You didn't take Mr. Peterson's suggestion very well—about taking a holiday, I mean. I don't know whether I dare prescribe for you or not. I don't think you need a day off. I think that, next to a good, long vacation, the best thing for you is excitement." He laughed. "No, I mean it. You're tired out, of course, but if you have enough to occupy your mind, you don't know it. The trouble to-day is that everything is going too smoothly. You weren't a bit afraid yesterday that the elevator wouldn't be done on time. That was because you thought there was going to be a strike. And if just now the elevator should catch on fire or anything, you'd feel all right about it again."

He still half suspected that she was making game of him and he looked at her steadily while he turned her words over in his mind. "Well," he said with a short laugh, "if the only medicine I need is excitement, I'll be the healthiest man you ever saw in a little while. I guess I'll find Pete. I must have made him feel pretty sore."

"Pete," he said, coming upon him in the marine tower a little later, "I've got over my stomach-ache. Is it all right?"

"Sure," said Pete; "I didn't know you was feeling bad. I was thinking about that belt gallery, Charlie. Ain't it time we was putting it up? I'm getting sort of nervous about it."

"There ain't three days' work in it, the way we're going," said Bannon thoughtfully, his eyes on the C. & S. C. right-of-way that lay between him and the main house, "but I guess you're right. We'll get at it now. There's no telling what sort of a surprise party those railroad fellows may have for us. The plans call for three trestles between the tracks. We'll get those up to-day."

To Pete, building the gallery was a more serious business. He had not Bannon's years of experience at bridge repairing; it had happened that he had never been called upon to put up a belt gallery before, and this idea of building a wooden box one hundred and fifty feet long and holding it up, thirty feet in the air, on three trestles, was formidable. Bannon's nonchalant air of setting about it seemed almost an affectation.

Each trestle was to consist of a rank of four posts, planted in a line at right angles to the direction of the gallery; they were to be held together at the top by a corbel. No one gave rush orders any more on Calumet K, for the reason that no one ever thought of doing anything else. If Bannon sent for a man he came on the run. So in an incredibly short time the fences were down and a swarm of men with spades, post augers, picks and shovels had invaded the C. & S. C. right-of-way. Up and down the track a hundred yards each way from the line of the gallery Bannon had stationed men to give warning of the approach of trains. "Now," said Bannon, "we'll get this part of the job done before any one has time to kick. And they won't be very likely to try to pull 'em up by the roots once we get 'em planted."

But the section boss had received instructions that caused him to be wide awake, day or night, to what was going on in the neighborhood of Calumet K. Half an hour after the work was begun, the picket line up the track signaled that something was coming. There was no sound of bell or whistle, but presently Bannon saw a hand car spinning down the track as fast as six big, sweating men could pump the levers. The section boss had little to say; simply that they were to get out of there and put up that fence again, and the quicker the better. Bannon tried to tell him that the railroad had consented to their putting up the gallery, that they were well within their rights, that he, the section boss, had better be careful not to exceed his instructions. But the section boss had spoken his whole mind already. He was not of the sort that talk just for the pleasure of hearing their own voices, and he had categorical instructions that made parley unnecessary. He would not even tell from whom he had the orders. So the posts were lugged out of the way and the fence was put up and the men scattered out to their former work again, grinning a little over Bannon's discomfiture.

Bannon's next move was to write to Minneapolis for information and instructions, but MacBride, who seemed to have all the information there was, happened to be in Duluth, and Brown's instructions were consequently foggy. So, after waiting a few days for something more definite, Bannon disappeared one afternoon and was gone more than an hour. When he strode into the office again, keen and springy as though his work had just begun, Hilda looked up and smiled a little. Pete was tilted back in the chair staring glumly out of the window. He did not turn until Bannon slapped him jovially on the shoulders and told him to cheer up.

"Those railroad chaps are laying for us, sure enough," he said. "I've been talking to MacBride himself—over at the telephone exchange: he ain't in town—and he said that Porter—he's the vice-president of the C. & S. C.—Porter told him, when he was in Chicago, that they wouldn't object at all to our building the gallery over their tracks. But that's all we've got to go by. Not a word on paper. Oh, they mean to give us a picnic, and no mistake!"

With that, Bannon called up the general offices of the C. & S. C. and asked for Mr. Porter. There was some little delay in getting the connection, and then three or four minutes of fencing while a young man at the other end of the line tried to satisfy himself that Bannon had the right to ask for Mr. Porter, let alone to talk with him, and Bannon, steadily ignoring his questions, continued blandly requesting him to call Mr. Porter to the telephone. Hilda was listening with interest, for Bannon's manner was different from anything she had ever seen in him before. It lacked nothing of his customary assurance, but its breeziness gave place to the most studied restraint; he might have been a railroad president himself. He hung up the receiver, however, without accomplishing anything, for the young man finally told him that Mr. Porter had gone out for the afternoon.

So next morning Bannon tried again. He learned that Porter was in, and all seemed to be going well until he mentioned MacBride & Company, after which Mr. Porter became very elusive. Attempts to pin him down, or at least to learn his whereabouts, proved unsuccessful, and at last Bannon, with wrath in his heart, started downtown.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of May 25.

It was nearly night before he came back, and, as before, he found Pete sitting gloomily in the office waiting his return. "Well," exclaimed the night boss, looking at him eagerly, "I thought you was never coming back. We've 'most had a fit here, wondering how you'd come out. I don't have to ask you, though. I can see by your looks that we're all right."

Bannon laughed, and glanced over at Hilda, who was watching him closely. "Is that your guess, too, Miss Vogel?"

"I don't think so," she said. "I think you've had a pretty hard time."

"They're both good guesses," he said, pulling a paper out of his pocket and handing it to Hilda. "Read that." It was a formal permit for building the gallery, signed by Porter himself, and bearing the O. K. of the general manager.

"Nice, isn't it?" Bannon commented. "Now read the postscript, Miss Vogel." It was in Porter's handwriting, and Hilda read it slowly. "'MacBride & Company are not, however, allowed to erect trestles or temporary scaffolding in the C. & S. C. right-of-way, nor to remove any property of the company, such as fences, nor to do anything which may, in the opinion of the local authorities, hinder the movement of trains.'"

Pete's face went blank. "A lot of good this darned permit does us then. That just means we can't build it."

Bannon nodded. "That's what it's supposed to mean," he said. "That's just the point."

"You see, it's like this," he went on. "That man Porter would make the finest material for ring-oiling, dust proof, non-inflammable bearings that I ever saw. He's just about the hardest, smoothest, shiniest, coolest little piece of metal that ever came my way. Well, he wants to delay us on this job. I took that in the minute I saw him. I told him how we went ahead, just banking on his verbal consent, and how his railroad had jumped on us; and I said I was sure it was just a misunderstanding, but I wanted it cleared up because we was in a hurry. He grinned a little over that, and I went on talking. Said we'd bother 'em as little as possible; of course we had to put up the trestles in their property, because we couldn't hold the thing up with a balloon."

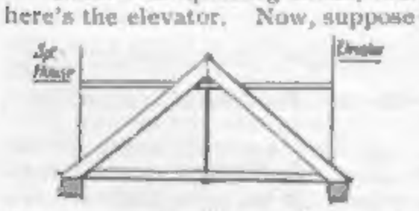
"He asked me, innocent as you please, if a steel bridge couldn't be made in a single span, and I said, yes, but it would take too long. We only had a few days. 'Well,' he says, 'Mr. Bannon, I'll give you a permit.' And that's what he gave me. I bet he's grinning yet. I wonder if he'll grin so much about three days from now."

"Do you mean that you can build it, anyway?" Hilda demanded breathlessly.

He nodded, and, turning to Pete, plunged into a swift, technical explanation of how the trick was to be done. "Won't you please tell me, too?" Hilda asked appealingly.

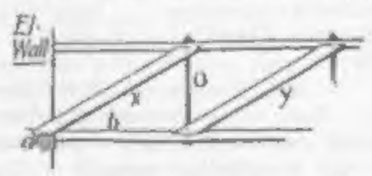
"Sure," he said. He sat down beside her at the desk and began drawing on a piece of paper. Pete came and looked over his shoulder. Bannon began his explanation.

"Here's the spouting-house, and here's the elevator. Now, suppose



they was only fifteen feet apart. Then if we had two ten-foot sticks and put 'em up at an angle and fastened the floor to a bolt that came down between 'em, the whole weight of the thing would be passed along to the foundation that the ends of the timbers rest on. But you see, it's got to be one hundred and fifty feet long, and to build it that way would take two one hundred foot timbers, and we haven't got 'em that long."

He was drawing lines across the timbers. "But we've got plenty of sticks that are twenty feet long, and plenty of



bolts, and this is the way we arrange 'em. We put up our first stick (x) at an angle. Then we let a bolt (o) down through the upper end of it and through the floor of the gallery. Now the next timber (y) we put up at just the same angle as the first, with its foot bearing down on the end of the bolt.

"That second stick pushes two ways. A straight down push and a sideways push. The bolt resists the down push and transmits it to the first stick, and that pushes against the sill that I marked *a*. Now, the sideways push is against the butt of the first timber of the floor, and that's passed on, same way, to the sill.

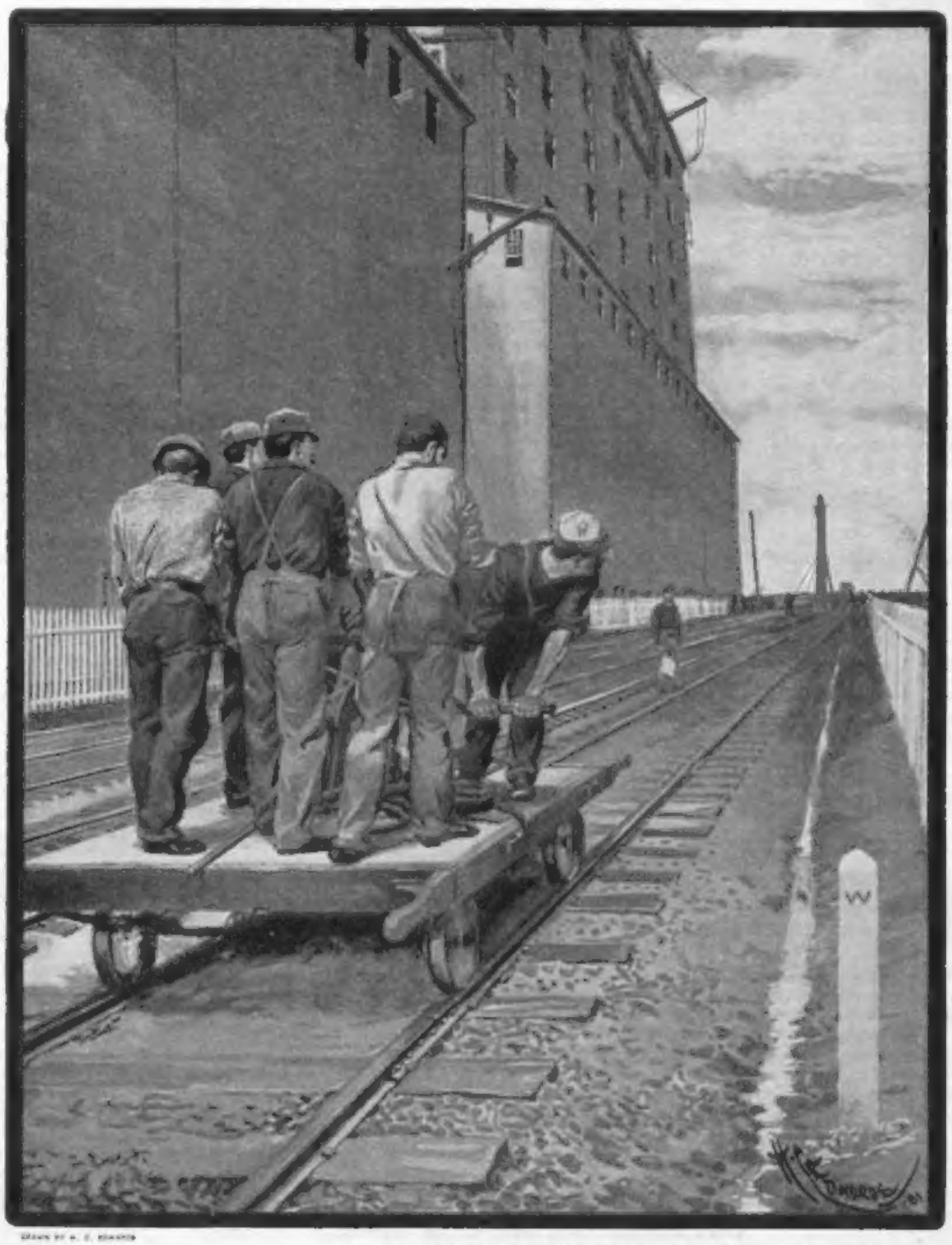
"Well, that's the whole trick. You begin at both ends at once and just keep right on going. When the thing's done it looks this way. You see where the two sections meet in

the middle; it's just the same as the little fifteen-foot gallery that we made a picture of up here."

"I understand that all right," said Pete, "but I don't see yet how you're going to do it without scaffolding."

"Easy. I ain't going to use a balloon, but I've got something that's better. It'll be out here this afternoon. Come and help me get things ready."

There was not much to do, for the timber was already cut to the right sizes, but Bannon was not content till everything



—a hand car spinning down the track as fast as six big, sweating men could pump the levers

was piled so that when work did begin on the gallery it could go without a hitch. He was already several days behind, and when one is figuring it as fine as Bannon was doing in those last days, even one day is a serious matter. He could do nothing more at the belt gallery until his substitute for a scaffold should arrive: it did not come that afternoon or evening, and next morning when he came on the job it still had not been heard from. There was enough to occupy every moment of his time and every shred of his thought without bothering about the gallery, and he did not worry about it as he would have worried if he had had nothing to do but wait for it.

But when, well along in the afternoon, a water boy found him up on the weighing floor and told him there was something for him at the office, he made astonishing time getting down. "Here's your package," said Max, as Bannon burst into the little shanty. It was a little, round, pasteboard box. If Bannon had had the office to himself he would, in his disappointment, have cursed the thing till it took fire. As it was, he stood speechless a moment and then turned to go out again.

"Aren't you going to open it, now you're here?" asked Max.

Bannon, after hesitating, acted on the suggestion, and when he saw what it was, he laughed. No, Brown had not forgotten the hat! Max gazed at it in unfeigned awe; it was shiny as a mirror, black as a hearse, tall, in his eyes—for this was his first near view of one—as the seat of a dining-room chair. "Put it on," he said to Bannon. "Let's see how it looks on you."

"Not much. Wouldn't I look silly in a thing like that, though? I'd rather wear an ordinary length of stovepipe. That'd be durable, anyway. I wonder what Brown sent it for. I thought he knew a joke when he saw one."

Just then one of the under-foremen came in. "Oh, Mr. Bannon," he said, "I've been looking for you. There's a tug in the river with a big steel cable aboard that they said was for us. I told 'em I thought it was a mistake——"

It was all one movement, Bannon's jamming that hat—the silk hat—down on his head, and diving through the door. He shouted orders as he ran, and a number of men, Pete among them, got to the wharf as soon as he did.

"Now, boys, this is all the false work we can have. We're going to hang it up across the tracks and hang our gallery up on it till it's strong enough to hold itself. We've got just forty-eight hours to do the whole trick. Catch hold now—lively."

It was a simple scheme of Bannon's. The floor of the gallery was to be built in two sections, one in the main house, one in the spouting-house. As fast as the timbers were bolted together the halves of the floor were shoved out over the tracks, each free end being supported by a rope which ran up over a pulley. The pulley was held by an iron ring fast to the cable, but perfectly free to slide along it and thus accompany the end of the floor as it was moved outward. Bannon

explained it to Pete in a few quick words while the men were hustling the big cable off the tug.

"Of course," he was concluding, "the thing'll wabble a good deal, specially if it's as windy as this, and it won't be easy to work on, but it won't fall if we make everything fast."

Pete had listened pretty closely at first, but now Bannon noticed that his attention seemed to be wandering to a point a few inches above Bannon's head. He was about to ask what was the matter when he found out. It was windier on that particular wharf than anywhere else on the Calumet flats, and the hat he had on was not built for that sort of weather. It was perfectly rigid, and not at all accommodated to the shape of Bannon's head. So, very naturally, it blew off, rolled around among their feet for a moment and then dropped into the river between the wharf and the tug.

Bannon was up on the spouting-house, helping make fast the cable end, when a workman brought the hat back to him. Somebody on the tug had fished it out with a trolling line. But the hat was well past resuscitation. It had been thoroughly drowned, and it seemed to know it.

"Take that to the office," said Bannon. "Have Vogel wrap it up just as it is and ship it to Mr. Brown. I'll dictate a letter to go with it by and by."

For all Bannon's foresight, there threatened to be a hitch in the work on the gallery. The day shift was on again, and twenty-four of Bannon's forty-eight hours were spent, when he happened to say to a man:

"Never mind that now, but be sure you fix it to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" the man repeated. "We ain't going to work to-morrow, are we?"

Bannon noticed that every man within hearing stopped work, waiting for the answer. "Sure," he said. "Why not?"

There was some dissatisfied grumbling among them which he was quite at a loss to understand until he caught the word "Christmas."

"Christmas!" he exclaimed, in perfectly honest astonishment. "Is to-morrow Christmas?" He ran his hand

(Continued on Page 13)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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THE Allied Forces will bring more money than credit out of China.

A HIGH stiff collar on a soft shirt is a fine example of pride above comfort.

CUBA is getting along. It already has more political parties than Kansas.

A MODERN yacht race is like a long courtship—a heap of preparation for a little bit of ceremony.

THE merit system is winning in politics on its own merit and not because the politicians want it.

IN THESE days the only thing worse than a hot spell is the multiplication of advice on how to keep cool.

TWICE has the South African war been ended. But somehow the British have not yet been able to make both ends meet.

IT LOOKS as if the Tariff Question is getting ready to apply for a divorce from High Protection and to change its lawful name to Reciprocity.

SHAMROCK the Second will doubtless live up to the numerical part of her name in the autumn races, but while she will not have precedence she will still have numerous English precedents.

MR. ROGERS gives $8,000,000 for art, almost as much as Mr. Carnegie's $10,000,000 for education. Pity the poor man with only a million to distribute! He gets scarcely a mention for his money.

A GREAT thing needed in American politics is that a jobber in office should not be considered an honest man in business life. If he wastes public money he is not to be trusted with private funds.

"A MAN should marry a woman half his age plus seven," says Max O'Rell. The rule is not new and it is not important, anyhow. Cupid has never yet been able to pass an examination in arithmetic.

ON JULY 14, 1843, Japan did not welcome Commodore Perry with great enthusiasm, but on July 14, 1901, Japan did all she could to make the unveiling of the monument to Perry memorable. In those fifty-eight years the miracle of modern civilization has been wrought in that land.

A DULY authenticated statistical report comes from Massachusetts showing that the Yankee is passing away. So he is—passing away to other parts of the country, and incidentally it may be mentioned that large sections of these parts are passing away from their former owners and under his control.

FOR a time it seemed that the commercial traveler was to be done away with by the new combinations and tendencies of trade. But experience has shown that we cannot do without him. The merchant must have him for his spokesman. The drummer is as necessary to business as the missionary is to religion, and wherever he goes he spreads cheerfulness and information.

AT THE annual meeting of the National Prison Association, Mr. Eugene Smith presented figures which show that the cost of the prevention of crime in this country—that is, federal, state and municipal taxation for that purpose—reaches the amazing sum of $200,000,000 a year; and in addition he estimates the annual income of the criminals to be $400,000,000. Here we have a grand total of $600,000,000. No one can face such figures without appreciating the enormous responsibilities which they carry. This old world will be a good many years older before it will be ready for the millennium.

Private Punishment for Public Sins

IT IS an extraordinary thing in American life that a man with wealth and opportunities should be content to go down into history as a corrupter of the state and as the holder of an office which he could obtain only by the use of money. The result of such work is only too evident. It lowers the whole tone of a commonwealth, and stains even society and the church. Bribery, whatever its form, by letting down the bars of morality contributes directly to crime, and its evil influences discourage and dismay people of good consciences, who give up hope and find recourse in that fatal indifference which expresses itself as, "What's the use? Money will win anyhow, and one dollar is as good as another."

Even more extraordinary is that condition of mind which not only tolerates these men after they have succeeded in their plans and purposes, but in a way makes leaders and heroes of them. The effect is always bad. Public character and private honor both suffer. Good people become pessimistic and bad ambitions grow more bold.

Fortunately, however, there is a new tendency in our affairs and there is coming a time when a man may not commit sin politically and then expect to keep a good name in private life. The two things cannot be disassociated. They must be judged by the same standards and there is never a compromise between good and evil. The bought office disgraces not only the office itself but its purchaser.

Standing too long by the home base does not win the game.

The Outlook for Political Purity

IT BEING granted that municipal administration is the weak point in free government in America, it naturally follows that any promise of better things in our large cities has an influence for good everywhere. Such bright prospects seem to be looming upon the horizon of our hopes.

Within the past few years there has been an unprecedented broadening of political action. Issues have taken good partisans over party lines and the vogue of independent voting has become general. The voter now thinks more of the men and the measures he is voting for than of the party emblem at the top of the ticket.

Every boss knows that his only salvation is in the blind following of party. Nobody votes for him or for anything he wants because of respect or conscience—it is simply and solely because of party. He rides the party to get in, and he gets in not because he is wanted but because he happens to be on the party.

Now voters want to know. They are tired of swinging open the gates of office to let in their own party animal without regard to the rascals he carries on his back. Thus there is a disposition to examine the passengers, and, if they are unworthy, to shut the gates in the face of the whole combination, including the party animal.

Another thing counts. When a corrupt combination finds a faithful officer—especially an officer having large powers in the enforcement of the laws—the immediate plan is to get rid of him. This gives opportunity to good citizenship. There are now several outbursts forming into independent movements, and they are preparing to make things lively in the autumn.

All these count. They convict the bosses even when they fail to defeat them. But this year it looks like both conviction and defeat. And the gain will be great.

American patriotism needs fewer firecrackers on the Fourth of July and more enthusiasm at the polls in November.

The New Significance of the Grand Tour

EVERY one knows what the Grand Tour used to be—every one, that is, to whom old novels of the last century but one, old memoirs, and pleasant old books of history are not entirely unknown. If traveling was a pleasure, it was also a duty; it was the final stage of His Lordship's education. After he had secured the book learning, much or little, which he considered consistent with his social position, he set off with his tutor and a coach and four to see the world. Together they rumbled in leisurely fashion from capital to capital. The young Milord learned something of the world everywhere he went—manners and the minuet in France, swordsmanship in Italy—and in each country he made himself a little more the *grand seigneur*. Here and there along his way patches of wild oats sprang up; indeed some young blades did nothing but royster away the precious years. Yet on the whole the Grand Tour was educational, although His Lordship preferred to call it, somewhat more indefinitely, "seeing the world."

A modern millionaire's son ranging over the globe in private yachts, automobiles and special trains is not half so impressive. Traveling is nothing so very wonderful nowadays, and least of all is it wonderful that a millionaire's son should travel. His Tour is never quite the Grand Tour. Modern life, if one stops to think, has really become simple and homely. The Grand Tour is no longer made by His Lordship. It is being made, for example, by the twelve British workmen who are to be sent to America on a tour of observation at the expense of a penny weekly of Dundee.

The new Grand Tour may be called a commercial one. The merchant and the craftsmen want to learn all that the world can teach them in their various occupations, and nothing for the purpose can ever quite equal personal contact and observation. Traveling is cheap, and the Grand Tour comes within the reach of all. Is every working man able to pay for a trip to Europe or to America? Perhaps not quite that. Even His Lordship could not always have paid for the coach and four from his own private purse. Instead of His Grace the Duke bidding his son God-speed and giving him a chest of gold, we shall have Mr. Blank, the President of the Company, wishing good luck to one of his foremen and a chosen few of the most intelligent of his workmen, and presenting them with tourist tickets and a letter of credit. His Grace increased the chances of honor to his noble house; Mr. Blank is making it more likely that he can pay good wages to his men and satisfactory dividends to his shareholders.

Some one may say that the Grand Tour has become a somewhat squalid and greedy matter. But no one ever travels with his eyes tight shut, and you may be sure that Mr. Blank's best men will not do so. If they visit America to find out why we build bridges for English colonies they cannot escape Niagara and the Hudson.

A fish that is not caught does not object to the stories that are told about him.

Insurance for Leisure

THE Rev. Minot J. Savage has repeated Herbert Spencer's warning against overwork. He thinks that half of the effort of the world is wasted, and that we should be better off if we should spend, in dignified idleness, the time absorbed by that useless labor.

If Mr. Savage will have patience things may eventually work out to his satisfaction. The unceasing struggle of the labor unions for shorter hours tends all in that direction. The eight-hour day is so general now that it is easy to see that it will soon be universal. But there is no reason to suppose that the movement will stop there any more than it did at the ten or the twelve hour day, each of which was the objective at one stage of the campaign. When nobody works more than eight hours a day the pioneers will be striking out for seven.

But there is still another direction from which a more general leisure seems to be approaching. We hear constant complaints now that elderly men find it harder and harder to get employment. The prizes of industry go to youthful vigor. In some fields a man is on the shelf at forty-five, and it is hard to find an opening in any direction after fifty.

In a state of society in which a man must struggle for a living until he dies this is a pitiful situation. It is hard to see one who has used up the best years of his life in the fierce race of modern industry hunting hopelessly for a chance to market his declining strength at any price. But if instead of enforced idleness this leisure of later life becomes honorable retirement, the whole outlook is changed. We simply must know what the facts are, recognize them, and make provision for them. When a man could work until he died it might have been enough for him to earn in each year what was needed to keep him through that year. But now, if we are to speed up our industrial processes so that only young men can keep the pace, then we must enable those young men to earn enough to provide for their later leisure. In other words, there must be some sort of retirement fund for them. In the army and navy this retirement fund is provided by the Government. In Looking Backward the government performs the same service for everybody. But in our present state of society most people will have to do it for themselves.

The tendency is for the rewards of young men to increase to an extent that will make this possible. If Mr. Schwab is prudent, and does not waste his money, there is no reason why he should be hunting a job after he is forty-five. And though it is not to be expected that every wage-earner will have Mr. Schwab's opportunities for saving money, it ought to be possible for every one to save enough to make himself independent in his later years.

This will probably be the next point that will have to be thrashed out between employers and employed. In England it not so long ago was a recognized thing that many workmen should depend upon charity for part of their living while still in the prime of life, and for the whole of it after their working-days were over. Now ideas have advanced to such an extent that it is admitted on all sides that wages ought to be high enough to provide a complete support at the time they are earned. The next stage will be to make them high enough to provide a margin for old age insurance, so that the idleness which our strenuous modern life is bringing on at a continuously earlier age will be looked forward to no longer as a dreaded nightmare, but as a welcome release from toil.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

How Lord Kelvin Played Damocles

Lord Kelvin, so his friends say, used to make of himself a sort of Damocles; but it was a cannon ball instead of a sharp sword which was suspended over his head.

Few living scientists have as high a reputation as Lord Kelvin, and few have to their credit more useful inventions or valuable discoveries. Though now in his seventy-eighth year, the old Professor, who for more than half a century occupied the chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University, still maintains his reputation for being one of the most energetic men in Scotland. Those who know him are fond of telling of the boyish eagerness and almost incredible energy with which he still attacks his work. When lecturing he used to become so absorbed and wrapped up in the experiments he was conducting that he could scarcely wait for the results. Disdaining the services of an assistant, he scurried about his lecture room like a youth of sixteen. Indeed, the students liked to say that they never saw him cross his laboratory except at a run.

The ruling passion of Lord Kelvin, who is a member of half the learned societies of Europe, and who has been decorated by the Emperor of Germany, the President of France, and the King of Belgium, is his absolute faith in figures, and it is this ruling passion which led to his experiment as a Damocles. When he has once solved a problem in mathematics he is willing to stake upon its correctness not only his reputation, but, if necessary, his life.

Taking an immensely heavy cannon ball he calculated, with the utmost accuracy, the size of the smallest wire which would bear the weight of the load of iron. He then procured a length of wire of just the requisite strength, and, to prove the truth of his figuring, had the cannon ball suspended over his lecturing platform at the very spot where it would be most likely to strike and crush him should his figuring be incorrect, and should the wire give way; and it remained there for weeks.

A Flying Lecturer

Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale University, comes about as near to perpetual motion as any "human pu'son"—to use the phrase of Colonel Johnston's hero—can reach. He is the executive of one of the greatest educational institutions in the world—which is more than the average man could attend to—he is a contributor to current literature; he is writing a book; and in addition to all that he is frequently a speaker at colleges and assemblages and banquets.

In order to do so much he arranges his dates and his routes with the carefulness of an impresario, sometimes filling three engagements in a day in places many miles apart. He is a very good traveler, and he has the Chauncey M. Depew way of arriving just before he is scheduled to speak and then slipping out and catching the next train for somewhere else.

The other day the writer attended the anniversary of a famous school in Pennsylvania. Among the orators were President Hadley, Dr. Lyman Abbott and Professor Woodrow Wilson. Doctor Hadley led. He is a peculiar speaker. His arms hang limp and flap against his legs until he wants to emphasize a point, and then he extends his hand as if he were shoveling out his arguments.

He attacked the two extremes of modern education—the entirely commercial view, which is sordid, and the mere learning, whose devotees he compared with men who locked themselves up in monasteries: and he measured all education by its value to a living world of active, progressive men and women. He drew one interesting contrast. "The difference between the situation a half century ago and the conditions of to-day," he said, "is that to-day the demand is for narrower men at the bottom and broader men at the top." His brief addresses are full of just such sentences, though they are seldom reported.

On this particular occasion the applause was still going on when Doctor Hadley was hurrying down a side path. He shook all the hands he could on his brisk walk, jumped into a carriage, caught a train which had just rolled into the station, and said: "Good-by; sorry I couldn't remain for the rest of the program, but I must get along to meet another appointment;" and a few hours later he was making a speech a hundred miles away.

Max Adeler's Lesson on Humor

For a quarter of a century innumerable readers, blessed with the true sense of humor, have been longing for something new by "Max Adeler," author of almost the only humorous books of the early seventies that have not been forgotten. Fully half the publishers in the United States tried to meet the demand, and begged for another Out of the Hurly-Burly—Max Adeler's best-known book—but the author was insensible to their letters, personal appeals and proffered checks. He had other work to do—far more important work, he believed—so he gave himself up to it and did it well. But years brought experience: he learned that humor is one of the rarest, most precious and most useful of life's graces. How he came to himself is described frankly and neatly in the following preface to his forthcoming book.

"More than a quarter of a century ago, the writer of this tale produced three or four books containing material designed to supply amusement. Concluding then that enlargement of the world's stock of foolishness was not one of the needs of the race, nor likely to confer dignity upon him who engaged in it, he turned his attention to serious matters, and endeavored to persuade himself and his fellow-men that political economics, among secular things, embodies highest wisdom, and may bring honor to him who can deal with it successfully.

"Experience and observation now incline the author to believe that very much of the material commonly received as economic wisdom and put into practice in public affairs is closely related to foolishness; while not a little of that which is looked upon as foolishness has indeed some claim to be regarded as wisdom.

"He has had, therefore, an impulse to resume the work of producing literature for entertainment, in the belief that the race may find larger advantage by reading avowed fiction in which, as in real life, fun is mingled with seriousness, than by accepting at its surface-value falsehood pretending to be fact and high-sounding nonsense masquerading as philosophy.

"This impulse was quickened by an experience he had while crossing the Atlantic Ocean upon a steamer in the company of a learned rabbi. The rabbi, after considering the case, related to the writer a story told in the Talmud Taanit 22ª. It was to this end:

"Rabbi Baroka, a saintly ascetic, often received visits from Elijah, who would communicate to him the secrets of Heaven. Rabbi Baroka learned from Elijah that every one in Heaven has a companion who is exactly complementary to the person with whom he is placed. Rabbi Baroka entreated Elijah to show to him the man who should be his companion. Thereupon Elijah led him to the market-place, where a jester stood surrounded by a multitude of people to whom he was supplying amusement. 'That is your companion,' said Elijah, pointing to the jester. 'What have I done,' demanded Rabbi Baroka, 'that I should be condemned to the company of such a man in Heaven?' 'Scorn him not,' responded Elijah. 'By cheering the distressed and sorrowful, and diminishing the sadness of human life, that man is doing a better and nobler work than if he should withdraw from society and lead a life of asceticism and solemnity. Learn that there is joyousness in Heaven.'"

Ballads of the Banks

No. 2—Song of the Doryman—By Holman F. Day

Dory here an' Dora there,
They keep a man a-guessin';
An' here's a prayer for a full-bin fare,
Then home for the parson's blessin'.

Ruddy an' round as the skipper's phiz, out of the sea he rolls—
The fisherman's sun, an' the day's begun for the crews on the Grand Bank shoals.
With pipe alight an' snack stowed tight under a bulgin' vest,
I'll over with dory an' in with the trawls, for the wind is fair soo'west.
—The wind is fair soo'west;
The fish-slick stripes the crest
Of every curlin', swingin' an' swirlin', billowin' ocean-guest
That sweeps to the wind'ard rail,
An' under the bulgin' sail
Seems wavin' its welcome with clots of foam that are tossed by the roguish gale.

Dory here an' Dora there,
'Way off you at Glo'ster;
Those clots of foam seem tokens from home
To pledge I haven't lost her.

Friskily kickin', the dories dance, churnin' the foamin' lee,
With a duck an' a dive an' a skip an' a skive—the broncos of the sea!
Sheerin' an' veerin' with painter afirt, like a frolicsome filly's tail,
—Now asweep on the heavin' deep, close to the saggin' rail,
—Close to the saggin' rail,
Jump! If you cringe or fail,
You're doin' a turn in the wake astern in the rôle of the grampus whale!
As she poises herself to spring—
Nimble an' mischievous thing!—
There's only the flash of a second of time to capture her on the wing.

Dory here an' Dora there,
Sure, they drive me frantic!
For one she swims on the ocean of whims
An' one on the broad Atlantic.

Sowin' the bait from the trawl-heaped tubs, I pull at my old T. D.,
An' I dream of a pearl of a Glo'ster girl who's waitin' at home for me;
Statin' she's waitin' is not to say she's promised as yet her hand—
For, wild as my dory, she keeps me in worry—they're hard to understand.
—They're hard to understand!
But I've got the question planned,
Please God I'll know if it's weal or woe as soon as I get to land!
For a man who can catch the swing
Of a dory—mischievous thing!—
Has certainly grit to capture a chit of a maid about to spring.

Dory here an' Dora there!
They keep a man a-guessin',
So here's a prayer for a full-bin fare,
Then home for the parson's blessin'.

An Experiment in Government Patronage

Hon. William R. Merriam at his desk in the Census Office

PHOTO. BY E. MITCHELL JOHNSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

By William R. Merriam, Director of the Twelfth Census

THE very excellent and able article on The Strength and Needs of Civil Service Reform, by former President Cleveland, which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST recently, serves to call attention to a recent experiment in the Census Office in Washington in collecting the clerical force necessary to prepare and tabulate the results of the enumeration of the population, and of the agricultural and manufacturing resources, of the United States.

Before entering upon the details of the means employed to accomplish the end in view I desire to say, in passing, that ex-President Cleveland is to be commended for his admirable presentation of the advantages of the results growing out of the law establishing a plan of civil service, and for the entire fairness with which he deals with this important question. In common with all other subjects of this nature, there is much to be said on both sides. It is an undoubted principle that pervades the utilization of a clerical force, in every branch of business, that experience is the most valued factor. In other words, the man who becomes accustomed to a certain line of work, whether in governmental or private service, is of necessity of more real use than a new man could possibly be. Familiarity with duties and continuity of employment are the tests that determine worth to the Government, not only from the standpoint of economy, but efficiency as well. It is not customary in private enterprises for employers frequently to change their employees. The same rule applies with equal force to the Government clerk. One objection to this plan of constant retention, which can be urged with reason, is that there is no age limit; and no one should insist that an individual serve beyond a period of usefulness.

Need for a Civil Service Age Limit

This feature is one of the most troublesome that confronts the bureau chiefs at the present time. It is a difficult question to determine what shall be done with a Government employee who has spent the best part of his life in the public service. A proper conception of the vast interests involved in the prosecution of the varied business of the Government indicates that there should be an age limit, and a conclusion will have to be reached sooner or later. It might be suggested here that a man who expects to retain, practically for his whole life, one position, is quite apt to be satisfied with a moderate salary and a permanent place rather than risk the vicissitudes of a business career, coupled with a higher rate of pay. It has been thought that this feature alone would probably induce men of character and ability to enter Government employ. It can also be stated with some degree of certainty that, were there no civil service system, or some similar method of selecting governmental employees, there would be great danger of a very inferior and badly educated lot of people being foisted upon the Government chiefs to transact the public business. Civil service reformers are entitled to the highest consideration for having forced upon the attention of the American people the great advantages of educational requirements in the selection of those who are to serve the state. On the other hand, I think it may be said, with perfect truthfulness, that there are some disadvantages in the present plan adopted by the adherents of civil service reform, or at least by their representatives, in connection with the practical getting together of the force requisite to perform governmental functions.

Without any desire to criticise the rules adopted by the Civil Service Commission, I may say that, apparently, the examinations for positions have, in some of the grades, been of no special use, and that in a number of instances they have been ill adapted to the purposes desired; that often the questions submitted to candidates have not been of a practical nature, but have been entirely foreign in their application to the places to be filled, and a source of irritation and confusion to applicants, and directed to no justifiable end.

A Freer Right of Discharge

It is quite evident that another difficulty confronts the public official, owing to the fact that clerks selected under the civil service plan now in vogue have a life tenure, which tends to laxity in the performance of the duties assigned. Ordinarily the employee may keep well within the rule of competency prescribed and yet not serve his employer efficiently and with due regard for the responsibilities which he has assumed. This to my mind is one of the greatest dangers which comes from a life tenure in the public service. There is no incentive to activity beyond the perfunctory performance of the routine work demanded.

The possibility of suspension from duty, for a certain period, owing to inattention to prescribed tasks, might prove to be a stimulus to the conscientious discharge of the duties imposed. The average Government employee, working, as he or she does, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, with a half-hour intermission for luncheon, and allowed, as each clerk is, thirty days' vacation with pay, and thirty days' sick leave with pay, is, as a rule, amply compensated for the service rendered, and far better than those in private employ. The head of each bureau should be empowered to discharge promptly, without the necessary formality of a trial, incompetent or useless clerks. It cannot be said that this would result in any advantage whatever to the political partisan, for the displacement of one clerk would create a vacancy to be filled by the choice of an applicant who has stood the brunt of a civil service examination. Efficiency in the public service will never be attained until the chief is empowered to dismiss promptly. Immunity from dismissal except after trial results in too many cases in slack methods, not only as to punctuality in attendance, but as to utter lack of interest in the work assigned and little or no feeling of obligation to the Government.

Some ground midway between the demand of the civil service reformer and that of the partisan politician might be adopted, which would insure faithful and intelligent public service as well as a reasonable reward for those who do party duty. And I think that former President Cleveland is quite right in his suggestion that the young men who have rendered efficient and competent service to their various party organizations should be accorded some consideration in the selection of governmental employees. A plan could be devised which would result in the examination of applicants for public places on lines calculated to insure a knowledge of the duties to be performed, and which would give the political organizations in various parts of the country the right to present candidates for places. A plan has been carried into effect in the Census Office which brings together those who are intent upon civil service reform and those who regard party fealty and party efficiency as entitled to weight in making appointments.

The Recognition of the Minority

In the organization of the Census Bureau this plan was practically carried into effect; and I shall now give in a brief manner the methods pursued in securing a clerical and field force under the act to provide for taking the Twelfth Census.

It is a matter of history that when the subject of taking the Twelfth Census was under consideration in Congress, the advocates of civil service were strenuous in their efforts to have the Bureau included in the classified service. This was the opportunity for those opposed to the merit system to offer their strongest objections, and the discussion continued for some time before the final passage of the bill. It was finally determined that all of the employees of the Census Office should be subject to such examination as the Director of the Census might prescribe, except that no examination should be required of enumerators, special agents, or employees below the grade of skilled laborers at $600 per annum. It was further provided by the law that examinations and appointments should be made without respect to political party affiliations. It was generally understood by the leaders on both sides that, so far as practicable, two-thirds of the force required should come from the Republican party and one-third from the Democratic organization. This was not stated specifically in the law, but was a mutual understanding.

The writer of this article, having been appointed Director of the Census, immediately proceeded to organize the office on the lines indicated. The first question which presented itself was as to the most equitable way to distribute the places. It was understood from the outset that all clerks must pass the examination prescribed, the questions being prepared by the officials of the Bureau. It was soon found that to examine all of the applicants, the number being about twenty thousand, would involve great expense, occupy a great deal of the time of the examiners, delay the selection of the force, and result in an unfair and inequitable distribution of the positions so far as locality was concerned. The clerks were therefore apportioned among the different States on the basis of population, according to the census of 1890. This effected a fair representation of each State and Territory in the organization of the office force.

The further plan was adopted (the same as that which prevails in nominating candidates for West Point and Annapolis) of allowing each Representative and Senator to suggest a certain number of applicants, from whom were to be selected a specified number of clerks, provided they were able to pass the required examination. The members of the dominant party, as well as the minority Democrats and Populists, were allowed to present candidates. The examinations commenced as soon after the Bureau was organized as practicable, and were continued uninterruptedly for more than fourteen months, up to July, 1900. Candidates living in the vicinity of Washington, who desired places, were examined at the Capital. Later, a Board of Examiners went to different parts of the country and held examinations in a number of the large cities of the West, Northwest and South, for the convenience of those living far away from Washington, the expense of a trip to the latter city being too great without the assurance of a clerkship.

The Varying Success of the Applicants

The whole number of people examined was 6336, from which an eligible list of 3530 was secured—that is, 3530 people obtained the minimum average of 75 per cent. or over, while 2806, or 44.29 per cent. of the whole number examined, failed. The cost to the Bureau of conducting the examinations, including rent, salaries, stationery and other items, was $8611.08. That over forty-four per cent. of the whole number examined failed to attain the required percentage, gives evidence of the carefulness with which the examinations were conducted, as well as of the integrity with which the standard was maintained.

The experience of those who conduct the civil service examinations is somewhat different from that of the examiners of the Census Bureau. The writer understands that during the year ending June 30, 1899, about seventy-nine per cent. of the applicants examined were passed. In formulating the questions for the Census Office examination it was the policy of the Bureau to cover only those subjects which would demonstrate the capacity or incapacity of the candidates for the various branches of statistical work. Applicants were examined in arithmetic, English and history. Arithmetic was made to include nothing but practical problems, additions and percentages. English included original letter writing, letter writing from dictation, written tabulating work and simple copying. From these four divisions penmanship and spelling were rated.

It was thought that any person desirous of securing employment as a servant of the people in Government work should be possessed of a fair knowledge of the achievements of that Government, of the underlying principles on which its stability is dependent, of the principal actors who presided at its birth, and of those who have fostered, sustained and threatened it, as well as a knowledge of the commercial, economic and social facts relating to its geographical home. Other things being equal, a person having such knowledge is better fitted to perform the duties required of him, whatever his work may be, than a person whose patriotism and loyalty consist only in a desire to be represented on a Government pay-roll with no care or concern as to the relations existing between him and his country. Accordingly, it was decided to include under the general head of history, elementary test questions as to the history, geography and government of the United States, and as to the current political, social and literary affairs as published in the daily prints.

Variations in Different Localities

It was quite noticeable in conducting these examinations that the character and ability of the applicants varied in different parts of the country. One would naturally expect the classical atmosphere about Harvard University to be so

charged with learning that a very large proportion of the candidates from that immediate vicinity would be able to pass the simple requirements of the Census Office examination. But with the exception of candidates from the city of New York, those from the neighborhood of Boston made the poorest showing, only forty-six per cent. of the latter being able to pass. In the prosperous city of Topeka, Kansas, seventy-six per cent. offering themselves were successful. Only 39.19 per cent. of the applicants in Greater New York passed; seventy-five per cent. passed in the city of Portland, Maine; but only 47.22 per cent. at the examination held at San Francisco. At Omaha 75.76 per cent. passed; at Chicago 54.10 per cent., and at Cincinnati 60.08 per cent.

The examiners had some very curious experiences with some of the candidates in the course of their visits to various sections of the country. The examiners, as well as the Director himself, were very much surprised at the ignorance shown by applicants in a large number of cases. There was a surprising lack of knowledge of the simple rudiments of an ordinary common-school education. It is evident that those more immediately connected with educational matters should give careful consideration to the methods pursued and the subjects taught, and see to it that the children in our public schools are instructed in those things which will give them aid in gaining a livelihood, and that those things are omitted which, though they are graceful accomplishments, cannot be of any real benefit in actual life.

Some of the Ludicrous Answers

At some of the examinations we had some very ludicrous answers. On one occasion the candidates were required to tell something of Abraham Lincoln, and the following were among the answers made:

> Lincoln was a great general, and distinguished himself in the war of 1812.
>
> Abraham Lincoln was a personal friend of the colored race, and was one of the original signers of the Declaration of Independence.
>
> Abraham Lincoln was born in Illinois, where he worked from early morn to dewy eve as a farmer's lad until he became President.

At one examination the examiner asked the applicants to tell something of Jefferson Davis, and here are two of the answers:

> Mr. Davis was President of the United States and wrote the Declaration of Independence.
>
> Davis was a famous general of the war of 1812.

One young lady, evidently not much of a politician, when asked who William Cullen Bryant was, answered:

> William Cullen Bryant was the Democratic candidate for President, a silver advocate and a resident of Nebraska.

Another unfortunate, whose knowledge of geography was poor, said the best way to reach the Atlantic Ocean by water from Chicago was in a boat. Another suggested, in answer to the same question: "Go by rail to New York, take a boat and get there." Still another said that John D. Long was "assistant secretary of the Cuban war."

A young lady, who was no doubt an ardent admirer of her country's greatness, displayed her small acquaintance with its fundamental law when asked to tell something about the Constitution. She said:

> We have the best Government on earth and the Constitution can't be amended.

On a young man's papers were the following question and answer:

> Why were the mass of slaves held south of the Potomac River before the war?
>
> Because Africa is a hot country.

Examples of mistakes in spelling, arithmetic, common historical knowledge and English might be given almost without number. The examples which have been given will suffice to indicate the deficient knowledge of many applicants in the elements which should be possessed by any person who has passed through the ordinary graded school.

The Exertion of Political Influence

Great pressure was brought to bear in many cases to have the examination waived, but the rule of the office was strictly adhered to, with rare exceptions, and these were made with reference to experts who had had experience in census work. In two or three instances relatives of Representatives and Senators were excluded by the examination. Adherence to the examination prescribed has resulted in saving an endless amount of trouble for the office, and has undoubtedly saved the Bureau from incompetent clerks. I think it can be said with perfect fairness that the plan adopted by the Census officials for the examination and collection of the clerical force proved, in the main, as satisfactory as any method that could be suggested for the choosing of clerical assistants who were willing to accept Government service.

The writer has taken special pains to make inquiry of the various statisticians who occupy the positions of chiefs of the different branches of the work, as to their opinions concerning the general character and efficiency of the force turned over to them to do the clerical work. It must be borne in mind that the men who devote their lives to statistical work are not, as a rule, interested in politics, being, instead, men who take no special part in public affairs, except to vote, so it is fair to suggest that the opinions of these men are unprejudiced and reasonably free from political bias.

The Opinion of the Chief Statistician

The chief statistician for population has had the largest force in the Bureau under his immediate control, his force amounting to some 1900 clerks. He speaks as follows of the force selected under the rules referred to:

> I need not speak particularly of the manner in which the Census force was obtained, through examinations held in different sections of the country, or of the sources through which the applications for examination and appointment were made, but I have no doubt whatever that the Census Office examination was not only practical in its requirements, so far as any examination can be made to serve as a practical test of a person's real capacity for work, but was, in some respects, more difficult than the examination prescribed by the Civil Service Commission for applicants for appointments to clerical positions in the departmental service of the Government. . . . . As I have said, I believe the examination prescribed by the Census Office was fully up to the standard of, if not more difficult than, the civil service examination for equivalent clerical service, and I am sure, so far as my observation gives me the right to form a judgment, that the Census force in intelligence and capacity is fully the equal of any similar number of clerical appointees that could have been produced under the tests prescribed by the Civil Service Commission, in spite of the smaller percentage of successful candidates among those examined by this office as compared with those examined under the civil service rules.

The chief statistician in charge of the mortality statistics, who has had experience in three censuses, says:

> In census work the whole body of employees must be selected, the organization perfected and the force effectively employed in a very short time. This requires the most rapid development of the capability of clerks to fill places of subordinate responsibility, who must be selected from the ordinary force. The fact that what may be called the staff of each division must be secured from the clerks assigned, generally, for ordinary clerical work, and without previous experience in census work, makes it necessary that the average ability of clerks placed on the eligible list should be considerably higher than would be the case if selected from a list obtained through the civil service examinations for clerical positions in the departmental service. This can only be secured by making the examinations more specific in character, and adapting them to the peculiar requirements of the work. I am satisfied that the census examinations as conducted by the offices have had the effect sought, and that the force obtained will, as a body, compare most favorably with any in the service of the Government.

The other chiefs in the office comment in equally favorable terms on the competency of the force as a whole, selected in the manner which has been outlined.

Difficulties in Rating Efficiency

There are some practical difficulties which have confronted the Director in classifying the various clerks, and in this connection one of the chief difficulties has been the question of promotion. Naturally enough, the Representatives and Senators have been very anxious that their friends should receive promotions at the earliest possible moment. The work of taking the census is necessarily an emergency one, and it has not been possible to classify the work, because as one branch is completed another is taken up and the force transferred from one part of the service to another, thus making it impracticable to rate the efficiency of the clerks and to arrange them on any satisfactory basis. This condition of affairs would not arise in any branch of the service in which the work does not vary in its scope and method.

The pressure for promotion has been very considerable at times and serious embarrassment has resulted from it. It has been the endeavor of the Director to make promotions entirely on merit, acting on the reports of the chief as to efficiency; but at times it has been impossible to adhere to this rule, and this has caused more or less trouble to the Census officials. This will be avoided as soon as the work can be determined and classified into distinct branches. The tendency, however, to demand increased salaries has been especially noteworthy in the Census Bureau. Thus far the Director has been able to keep the average compensation of the clerical force, which at present numbers 2898, at $924 per annum.

Undoubtedly the officials would have been relieved of a great deal of annoyance and considerable expense had they been permitted to call on the Civil Service Commission for such clerks as were required; but the law directed otherwise—absolutely prescribing the method of choosing the force—and the Director was left no discretion as to his course, and in consequence the law has been carried into effect to the best of his ability. Out of 3500 clerks that have been at work in the office thirty-four have been discharged for incompetency and eighty-seven for vicious habits, tardiness, or other causes. These facts alone indicate that the scheme adopted has in the main been quite satisfactory.

The whole question ultimately resolves itself into this—whether it is possible to hit upon a plan better than that now in use (the medium of the Civil Service Commission) for selecting a clerical force to transact the Government business.

Under the plan now in operation political parties are not recognized in any manner in the selection of the clerks for the classified service. I think it is only fair that there should be some recognition of the political parties in the distribution of patronage. Just how far that should go I am not quite positive. Inasmuch as the country is governed by political parties it seems only fair that those who are instrumental in securing party success should have fair consideration in the emoluments of party victory, provided they have the intelligence, capacity and education to fulfill properly any governmental duties that may be assigned them.

Calumet "K"

(Continued from Page 9)

through his stubby hair. "Boys," he said, "I'm sorry to have to ask it of you. But can't we put it off a week? Look here. We need this day. Now, if you'll say Christmas is a week from to-morrow, I'll give every man on the job a Christmas dinner that you'll never forget; all you can eat and as much again, and you bring your friends, if we work to-morrow and we have her full of wheat a week from to-day. Does that go?"

It went, with a ripping cheer to boot; a cheer that was repeated here and there all over the place as Bannon's offer was passed along.

So for another twenty-four hours they strained and tugged and tussled up in the big swing, for it was nothing else, above the railroad tracks. There was a northeast gale raging down off the lake, with squalls of rain and sleet mixed up in it, and it took the crazy, swaying box in its teeth and shook it and tossed it up in the air in its eagerness to strip it off the cable. But somewhere there was an unconquerable tenacity that held fast, and in the teeth of the wind the long box grew rigid, as the trusses were pounded into place by men so spent with fatigue that one might say it was sheer good will that drove the hammers.

At four o'clock Christmas afternoon the last bolt was drawn taut. The gallery was done. Bannon had been on the work since midnight—sixteen consecutive hours. He had eaten nothing except two sandwiches that he had stowed in his pockets. His only pause had been about nine o'clock that morning when he had put his head in the office door to wish Hilda a Merry Christmas.

When the evening shift came on—that was just after four—one of the under-foremen tried to get him to talking, but Bannon was too tired to talk. "Get your tracks and rollers in," he said. "Take down the cable."

"Don't you want to stay and see if she'll hold when the cable comes down?" called the foreman after him as he started away.

"She'll hold," said Bannon.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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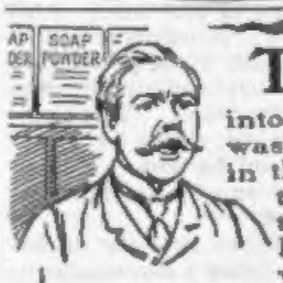

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Parks Stocked with Butterflies

A scheme for stocking London parks with butterflies has recently been agitated, and it is by no means certain that something of the kind may not seriously be attempted. It is believed by some well-informed authorities to be worth trying, though undeniably there are serious difficulties in the way.

One trouble lies in the fact that most butterflies are more or less migratory in habit, and this remark applies to nearly all of the species commonly seen in cities. Obviously, there would be no use in establishing colonies of these insects in urban pleasure grounds, if they were likely to take unto themselves wings in a literal sense, on relinquishing the larval condition, and to fly away. To renew the stock annually would be expensive, and for other reasons out of the question.

It has been suggested that there are some very pretty butterflies to which this objection does not apply, and that in the non-migratory category are found the Vanessas—medium-sized insects of mottled coloration, black, white, and reddish brown. Relatively speaking, they are sedentary, and might be induced to stay where they are put, if the surroundings were attractive and suitable.

Butterflies, like moths, are hatched from eggs, make their first appearance as caterpillars, and, after spinning cocoons, are finally transformed into the beautiful winged adults. As caterpillars they feed on leaves, but in the final stage they suck the juice of flowers. As a rule, they hibernate as butterflies in hollow trees and other such places of concealment.

New Uses for Aluminum

Several patents have been granted recently on processes for plating aluminum, and it is hoped that some of these will render the metal available for a greater variety of uses than at present.

Employments for aluminum are somewhat restricted owing to certain peculiarities, notable among which is its greasy feel, which makes it unpleasant to the touch and unavailable for the finer grades of tableware. Also it is dull to the eye—a characteristic which, like the greasy feel, is due to the presence of a very thin coating of oxide of aluminum—that is to say, of aluminum rust. This peculiar rust is transparent, but that it has a substance may be discovered by wiping a piece of the metal with a clean white cloth, when some of it will come off.

The oxide is a nuisance not only in this way, but also because, being a non-conductor of electricity, it interferes with electroplating. Recently, however, means have been found for getting over this difficulty, one of the methods adopted being to apply mercury, which combines with the rust to form an amalgam that will take a coat of silver or other metal. It is thought likely by some that aluminum plated with silver will enter into a great variety of uses before long, being very desirable on account of its lightness—a quality which has always been its most notable recommendation. For opera glasses, toilet implements and tableware it may, in this form, become popular.

Tracking the Elusive Lobster

Several hundred lobsters have been traveling about in Buzzard's Bay and its neighborhood recently with metal tags attached to their noses, this method being adopted by the United States Fish Commission for the purpose of finding out something as to the methods of migration adopted by these crustaceans and also as to the speed at which they make their journeys. In spring and early summer large numbers of egg-bearing females, collected from the shores of Connecticut, Rhode Island and southern Massachusetts, are brought to the hatchery at Wood's Holl, where the eggs are removed and incubated in glass jars. Then the animals are returned to the ocean. Incidentally, about five hundred of them, not long ago, were marked with copper tags bearing consecutive numbers and a request that they be returned to the Commission.

One difficulty encountered was that the Greeks and Portuguese, who own a great many lobster-pots in that vicinity, showed a disinclination to return the tags, preferring to keep them and utilize them as charms. Nevertheless, enough of the tags were recovered to show that an adult lobster has a comparatively small chance of escaping capture even for a single season. Out of a total of four hundred and seventy-nine of the lobsters liberated, seventy-six returned their tags and found their way to market within a few weeks. Thus it is obvious that the final extermination of this valuable crustacean, at all events in a commercial sense, cannot long be deferred.

Not much of importance was ascertained as to migrations, but the data obtained seemed to indicate that lobsters have a homing instinct—that is to say, a tendency to return to the locality to which they have been accustomed. Evidence on this point was secured by liberating the animals at various points distant from places where they were caught. For illustration, when a lobster caught at Wood's Holl and released at Gay Head is recaptured at Wood's Holl, it seems as if only a homing impulse could account for the movement. Such instances, in fact, were numerous.

It will surprise most people to learn that, as declared by the experts, the lobster is remarkable for the swiftness of its locomotion, being able by a flexion of its abdomen to shoot backward through the water with astonishing rapidity, sometimes going twenty-five feet in a second.

Speech Made Golden

When the phonograph first made its appearance it appealed very strongly to the popular imagination, and one of the dreams entertained regarding it was that it might render practicable the preservation of the spoken words of great personages for centuries; so as to repeat, for example, sayings of Queen Victoria to people who will dwell on the earth five hundred years from now. The notion of perpetuating the actual voices of individuals, so as to enable them to address, as if from the tomb, human beings belonging to a long-subsequent epoch, was both weird and fascinating, and an intense sentimental interest was inspired when the idea was suggested as being applicable to communications from the long dead to their own descendants.

Up to now this dream has not been fulfilled, because of the non-permanency of phonographic records. Wax is easily destroyed, celluloid cylinders alter structurally, and metal corrodes. The problem of durability seemed hopeless, but it is said to have been solved at last by Mr. Edison, who has found a way of producing record-cylinders of gold backed with silver, which he hopes will last for thousands of years.

The method adopted is to take an ordinary wax record-cylinder and put it into a receiver between two gold electrodes. Then the air is exhausted from the receiver, and between the electrodes is passed a spark, which produces a fine vapor of gold in the vacuum. This gold is deposited from the vapor in a film of infinitesimal thinness all over the record. The next step is to put over the golden film a coat of copper by electroplating.

Then the wax cylinder is softened and gently removed, so that there remains a thin cylindrical tube of copper with the gold record in relief on the inside of it. The gold film is only about one one-millionth of an inch in thickness, but it reproduces perfectly the original record made on the wax. Next, paraffin is smeared over the copper, and the tube is plated with silver, which is deposited only upon the gold, owing to the protection given to the copper by the paraffin. The copper is then dissolved with hydrochloric acid, which does not affect either silver or gold, and as a result there is a silver record-cylinder thinly coated with gold on the outside.

This gold-plated cylinder of silver is not only an absolutely faithful copy of the original wax cylinder, but is imperishable. The gold will not tarnish, and the spoken words traced upon it will last unaltered practically forever. By the ordinary duplicating process, copies in metal or wax can be made from it at any time.

Music Furnished by Electricity

Electricity has recently invaded the domain of music, and many kinds of musical instruments are now operated by its aid. It is coming into employment especially as an adjunct to the organ, being utilized to work the valves which open and shut the pipes. Inasmuch as its use in this way permits the placing of the keyboard at any distance from the mechanism proper, the connections being made by means of concealed wires, one may easily understand that an arrangement convenient and desirable in many churches and other buildings is thus rendered practicable.

Where musical instruments are operated by wind supply, the electrical agent requires only the use of a perforated paper sheet, with an arrangement of spring-fingers that make contacts through the openings. With the help of this simple contrivance, electro-magnets in circuit, with those fingers, may energize piano-hammers or the valves of an organ; or they may pick the strings of a banjo.

There are several electrically-operated pianos on the market, and most of them are worked with the help of a perforated paper sheet, electro-magnets being energized through the holes by the closing of circuits. When the circuit is closed the hammer is thrown against its string and produces the note.

The electric banjo is worked in like manner by the help of a paper roll. There are buttons for every fret, to press down each string, and a series of little hooks are pulled from side to side, catching the strings and yielding the requisite tintinnabulation. Each button and each hook is attached to its own slender copper wire, so that the instrument is under as perfect control as if manipulated by a skilled performer.

Attempts have been made to run orchestrions by electricity, but this is merely a matter of wind supply, all of the instruments in such a multiplex musical apparatus being operated by wind—even to the drumsticks, which are made to strike by the opening and closing of valves.

The electric drum may perhaps appear in the orchestra of the near future, inasmuch as hammers may be made to thump the tympanic sheepskin by the same means as are used for the striking of strings. So far as any one can see at the present time, the horn is likely to continue to be blown by the human mouth, which seems to be the apparatus best adapted for this purpose.

Of course, the use of an electric motor in connection with the musical phonograph is old, but nowadays a person who has a machine of this kind has only to touch a button on the desk which supports the instrument (the operating contrivance being cleverly concealed beneath) and, the requisite cylinder being in place, the desired tune at once begins.

Powdering Food to Keep It

Desiccated milk is one of the newer food products, and is prepared by causing a spray of ordinary fresh milk to enter a tank filled with hot air. The "atomized" fluid is carried upward, and, its moisture being discharged in the form of vapor, the solid part of it is thrown down in another receptacle in the shape of a dry powder. Put up in suitable packages, this powder will keep fresh and good for a long time, and is readily made available for use by the addition of boiling water.

Eggs are now dried by a number of different processes, most of which in one way or another involve the use of a wheel that picks up the fluid egg-stuff from a tank and carries it through a hot-air chamber, sometimes by the help of a belt, where it is finally scraped off automatically and discharged in a moisture-free condition into a box. One of the most notable inventors in this line is a woman.

Similar processes are applied in the manufacture of desiccated soups, of dried beef-tea, and even of "pumpkin powder," which last furnishes an always-ready material for making pumpkin pies, no matter what the season may be.

On the same principle are constructed the latest machines for making what is called "continuous ice cream," the cream for which is taken up and frozen on the periphery of a rotating cylinder that contains ice or other refrigerating material.

The same "continuous" method is being utilized for making artificial ice, instead of the old process whereby the water was frozen in metal-lined tanks with the aid of ammonia pipes behind the iron plates. According to the new plan, the water is frozen on rotating cylinders, inside of which is the chilling agent, and is scraped off as fast as it is converted into ice. The ice particles are then pressed together, forming beautiful transparent cakes.

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